JUNE 1, 1963. VOL. CCLIII. NO. 3287.

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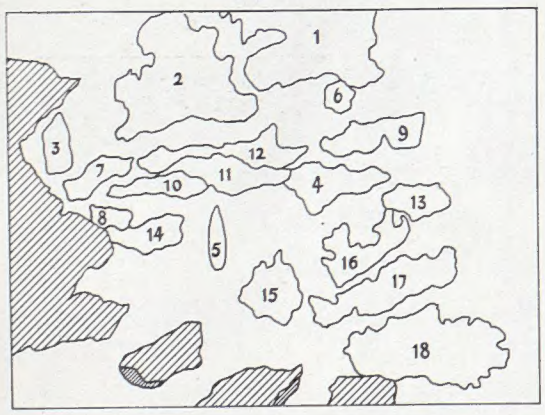
Visit Wisley with Shell

photographed in early May by Percy Hennell



Wisley, Surrey

Pleasure and instruction combine at the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens at Wisley, for here every aspect of modern gardening is displayed and plants of every kind make the gardens worth visiting at any time of year.

One always arresting part is a sandstone rock garden on a steep slope, of which a tiny section is shown here. Above the rocks are the mauve-pink Chinese *Rhododendron racemosum* (1) and its relation, *Pieris formosa forrestii* (2), in which the scarlet comes not from flowers but, astonishingly, from the new young foliage. The pale green hummock of *Picea albertiana conica* (3), a dwarf spruce, takes decades to reach a yard tall. Another dwarf conifer is the long-winded *Juniperus communis depressa nana* (4), while the more familiar Noah's Ark juniper, *J. communis compressa* (5), erects a dark blue exclamation mark.

Brilliant scarlet comes from *Tulipa linifolia* (6) from Bokhara; regal purple from *Iris chamaeiris* (7), a southern European; and another delightful little bulb is *Narcissus triandrus albus* (8), sometimes called Angel's Tears. Among the plants one associates with everyday rock gardens are the colourful 'mossy' saxifragas, Peter Pan (9) and Beauty of Letchworth (10), and a fine aubrieta called Triumphant (11).

Euphorbia myrsinites (12) is a prostrate Mediterranean spurge with bluish leaves, which puts up with our winters. The pink *Primula vulgaris sibthorpii* (13) is a form of our ordinary primrose from Greece and Asia, while Purple Splendour (14) is a free and early-flowering hybrid. Small but brilliant, *P. rosea* (15) from the Himalayas prefers moister places, and so does the well-named Drumstick Primula, *P. denticulata* (16). At the stream's edge the double marsh marigold, *Caltha palustris plena* (17), explodes in gold, and on the water floats the curious Water Hawthorn, *Aponageton distachyon* (18), a South African now naturalised in Britain.

The R.H.S. Gardens are open to the public all the year daily, except Sundays, from 10 a.m. to 7.30 p.m., or dusk if earlier. They lie just off the Portsmouth Road, A 3, two miles north-east of Ripley.

This garden will be illustrated in the Shell Gardens Book to be published in 1964.

Wherever you go...you can be sure of SHELL

Volume CCLIII No. 3287 LONDON, June 1, 1963

THE SPHERE

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AT THE SUMMIT IN AFRICA

Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia is with President Nkrumah of Ghana at Addis Ababa airport after welcoming him to the Ethiopian capital for the African Summit conference. The political leaders of 31 African states were present at the first session, which was opened by the Emperor. He said the challenges and opportunities before them today were "greater than those presented at any time in Africa's millennia of history." The need for a new "charter of African unity" was another theme of his speech. Not unexpectedly, on the following days there were a number of fiery speeches calling for the liberation of African countries which have still to achieve independence. Mr. Obote, Prime Minister of Uganda, offered his country as a training ground for "liberation forces," and Mr. Oginga Odinga, of Kenya's Kanu, present as an observer, called for the establishment of "a national liberation bureau to co-ordinate the struggle for African liberation." But differences of approach became apparent. President Senghor of Senegal declared they should not try to rush African unity. He suggested three regional groups for a start—in North Africa, West Africa and East Africa.

NEWS SUMMARY

From multi-national to multi-lateral Nato forces?; the green light for the "Kennedy round"; the anti-strike vote at Ford's

322 **INTERNATIONAL**

As was expected, agreement was reached at the Nato ministerial conference in Ottawa last week for the establishment of a multi-national nuclear force to which ten nations will contribute arms. It will be known unofficially as the Nato multi-national nuclear force. (But officially it will not be called this in order to meet French susceptibilities.) Outside the conference room there was much talk among delegates about the American proposal for a multi-lateral nuclear force to consist of Polaris-carrying vessels manned by mixed crews from the countries bearing the cost of it. Admiral Claude Ricketts, United States Vice-Chief of Naval Staff, was reported to be flying to London to persuade Britain to join the multi-lateral force. As at present envisaged West Germany would be the dominant partner in Europe.

In Washington, M. Couve de Murville, the French Foreign Minister, saw President Kennedy, and was understood to have given an undertaking that France would not provide nuclear weapons to Germany should the multi-lateral nuclear force not materialise. Officials in the American capital discounted reports that Mr. Kennedy, on his forthcoming tour of Europe, would visit Mr. Macmillan. But President Kennedy, it was said, did wish to have talks with Mr. Macmillan later in the summer.

Differences were overcome in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade's conference in Geneva and agreement given for the "Kennedy round" of tariff cuts to go ahead. Negotiations for cuts of, in some cases, 50 per cent. are to start in Geneva in May of next year. British delegates declared they were satisfied that arrangements so far made would safeguard Commonwealth interests.

At a farewell reception in Moscow to Dr. Castro, the Cuban Prime Minister, Mr. Khrushchev denied that his position in the Russian Government and Communist party was in any way in jeopardy. The 7,000-word joint Russian-Cuban statement issued after the Castro visit made it clear that Cuba fully supports Russia in the ideological controversy with China. The statement also guarantees Soviet assistance if Cuba is invaded.

There were growing rumours among Western observers in Moscow of spectacular Russian progress in the development of an anti-missile missile.

GREAT BRITAIN

An important step forward was taken last weekend in industrial relations at the Ford Dagenham works. At a meeting of members of the Transport and General Workers' Union it was decided that the union, which had acted as pacemaker for the unions in the dispute, would not strike officially over Ford's refusal to reinstate alleged trouble-makers. Ten out of the 17 "trouble-makers" dismissed at Dagenham seven months ago belong to the TGWU. Only 2,000 out of 10,000 TGWU members at Dagenham attended the meeting.

A dramatic rise in sugar prices began to affect the British housewife. It was mainly due to changes in the world market consequent upon the U.S. ban on Cuban sugar and the entry of Russia and China as major purchasers of sugar. Britain buys most of her sugar from the Commonwealth at a fixed price and also grows about a quarter. At the beginning of this week, it was thought likely that the Government would seek to counteract the high price of sugar by using surpluses gained by the Sugar Board, to reduce the retail price.

Issues being debated in the Commons include the case of Chief Enahoro, sent back to Nigeria, over whom the Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Brooke, was again under heavy fire from the Opposition this week; and Government plans for Housing—a White Paper out this week covered many aspects from slum clearance to the encouragement of housing associations and methods of prefabrication.

THE VATICAN

Last Sunday, the Vatican officially confirmed that Pope John, who is 81, was ill. The statement, the first issued since the Pope's serious illness last November, read in part: "The stomach ailment from which the Holy Father has suffered since last autumn and which caused acute anaemia has again caused a state of anaemia. . . ." It was reported that Pope John was confined to bed and that there had been further complications.

ITALY

Signor Aldo Moro, the national secretary of the Christian Democratic Party, at the beginning of this week started on the delicate task of trying to form a new centre-left coalition Government under his Premiership. It was understood that if he succeeded it would consist of the same four parties as the previous Government of Signor Fanfani. These were the Christian Democrats, Social Democrats and Republicans, plus the Socialists. Signor Moro, who is 46, took over the secretaryship of the Christian Democrats from Signor Fanfani in 1959, and is regarded as the architect of the party's centre-left policy.

MIDDLE EAST

There was great tension in Bagdad at the start of this week. Eleven Iraqi officers had been executed by a firing squad on May 25 and the mass arrest of pro-Nasser officers and civilians continued. Opponents of the Baathist Government were being accused of conspiracy and attempting to restore a "Kassem regime." The Government was said to have more than 14,000 political prisoners in gaol.

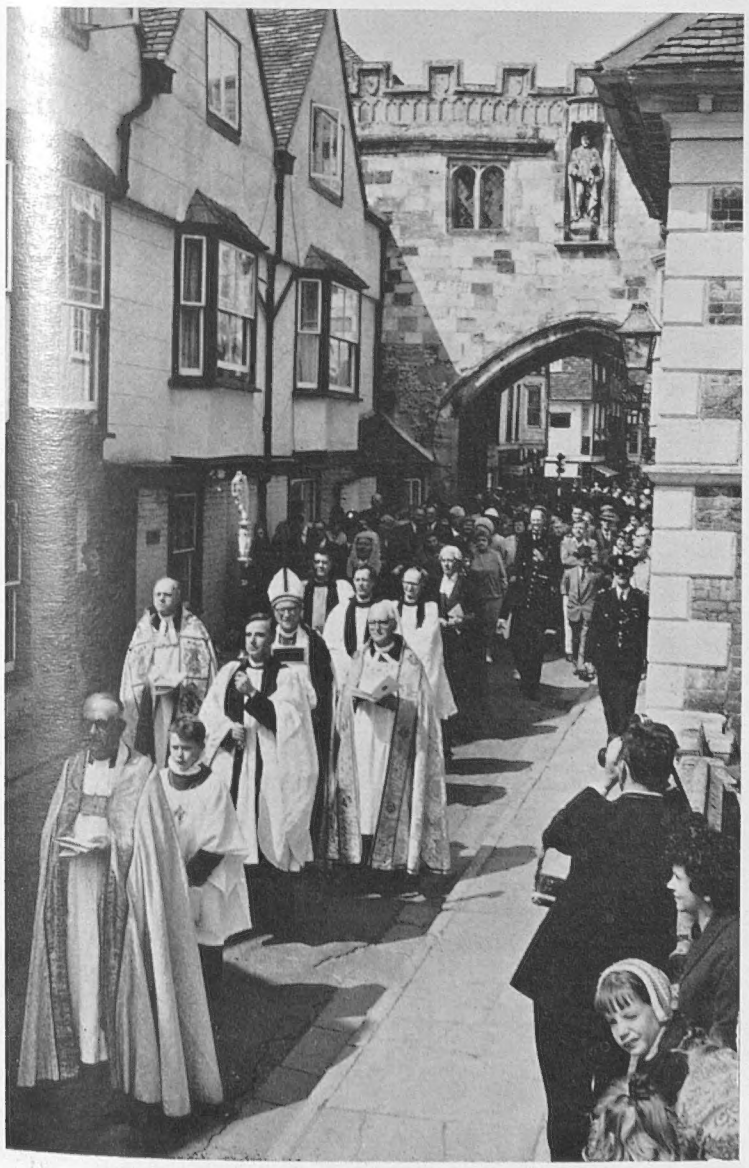
The United Nations special sub-committee formed to investigate the situation in Aden met in Cairo at the end of last week to question exiled Adeni political leaders living there. Among the first they saw was Ahmad Nasir of the Aden People's Socialist Party. Britain has refused the sub-committee entry into Aden.

Early last week the Turkish Government decided to impose martial law for at least one month in Ankara, Istanbul and Izmir, Turkey's three largest cities. This followed the suppression of a revolt by Army officers, in which seven deaths were reported. American-supplied F.100 jets were used to crush rebels in the Turkish War College.

In Ankara, Mr. Inonu, the Turkish Premier (centre, second row), walks in a funeral parade for loyal soldiers killed in the abortive coup of May 20

Mr. Ben Bella, the Algerian Premier (left) on a recent visit to Cairo, meets UAR troops just back from the Yemen. Next to him is President Nasser

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

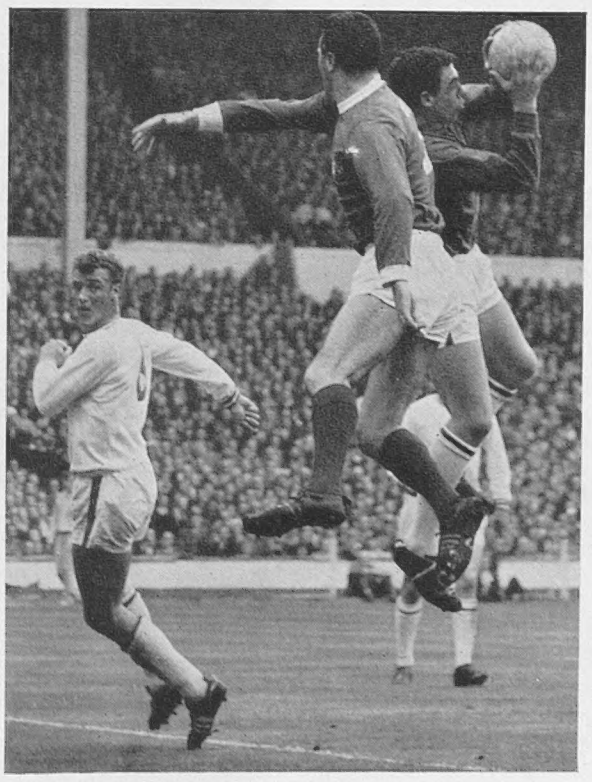


Salisbury sees its new Bishop

The new Bishop of Salisbury, the Right Rev. J. E. Fison, walks in procession through the Close on his way to the Cathedral for his enthronement. Background is the High Street Gate. The new Bishop was formerly Vicar of St. Mary the Great, Cambridge

United take the Cup back to Manchester

In a tense moment in the F.A. Cup Final at Wembley, G. Banks, the Leicester goalkeeper, catches the ball from a Manchester United free-kick. Left is the Leicester left-back, R. Norman. United won 3—1 before a 100,000 crowd, who paid a record £89,000 to see the match



The Queen sees the new Birmingham

The Queen is shown round the modern market in the Bull Ring Development in Inner Birmingham. She and the Duke of Edinburgh toured the city last week to see the large-scale redevelopment schemes, and to visit the University of Birmingham

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Modernising Britain with Mr. Macmillan

After addressing the annual conference of 6,000 Conservative women at the Royal Albert Hall in London, Mr. Macmillan, with his wife, waves farewell to the delegates. In his speech last week, Mr. Macmillan gave a confident outline of a splendid vision of what Britain would be like in the 1960s-70s under a Tory Government.

But he gave no indication of when the General Election would be. He admitted disappointment over the recent local elections. Mr. Macmillan's vision of the 1970s saw the country, based on power and science, using double the amount of electricity, modern express transport between all the big cities and an entirely automatic telephone system, with half the population living in new houses and children educated in modernised schools. Mr. Macmillan strongly attacked the Labour Party's new social security proposals

Speeding up the transport of coal

Lord Robens, the Chairman of the National Coal Board, and Dr. Beeching, Chairman of the British Railways Board, examine a model design for the mechanical handling of coal at railheads. They were at a Coal Handling Exhibition, opened last week by Lord Robens at the B.R. Freight Depot, near Marylebone Station in London. The exhibition showed handling, delivering and pre-packing coal from rail wagons

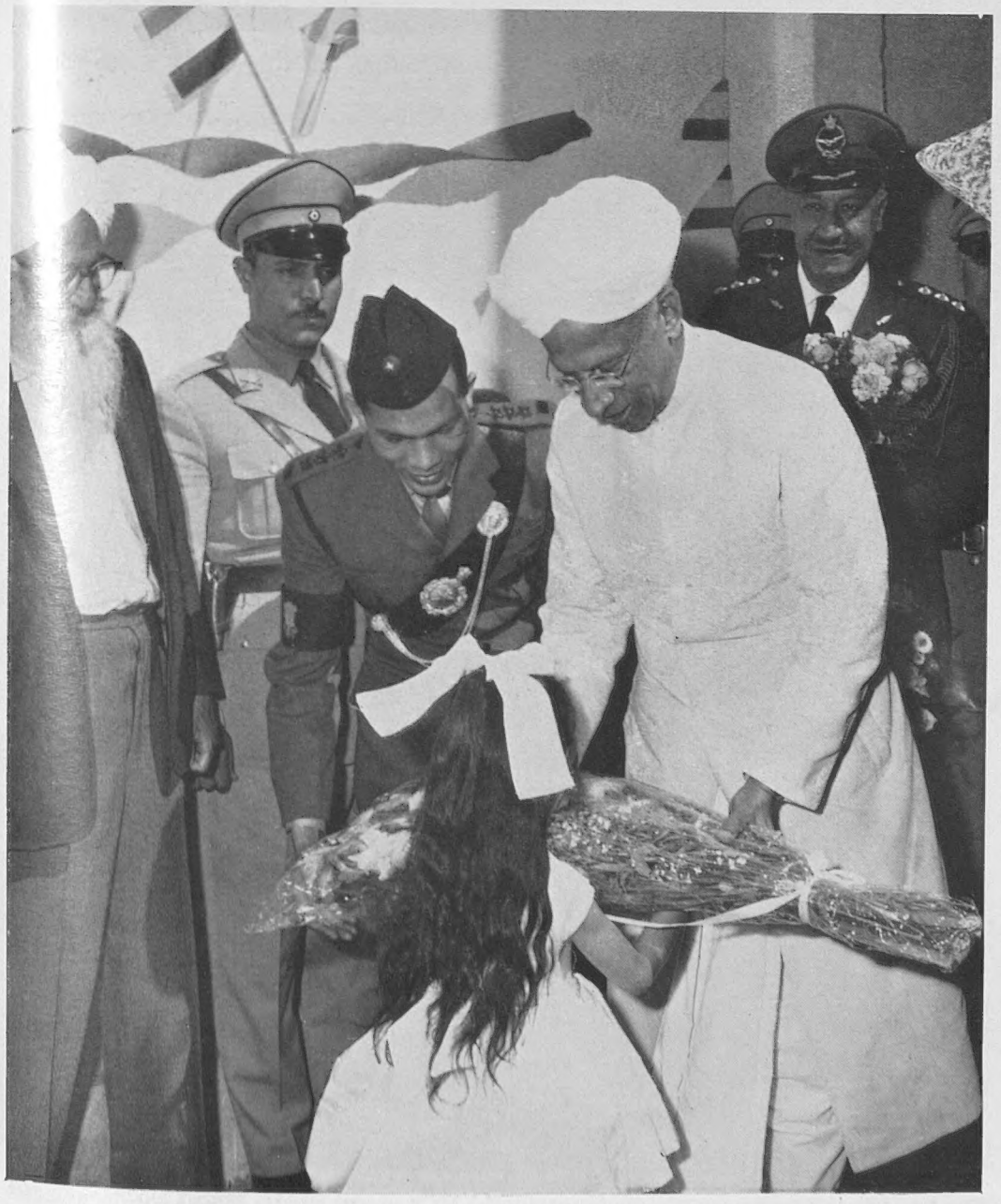
50 m.p.h. limit on summer weekends

The Minister of Transport, Mr. Marples, announces there will be a speed limit of 50 m.p.h. on all roads in England and Wales except motorways and those with a permanent speed restriction. This rule will apply for the five weekends from July 26 to August 25. From May 31 to July 21 and August 30 to September 15, there will be a 50 m.p.h. restriction on 750 miles of selected trunk roads for weekends

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

"Still the best computer in space"

Fresh from his 22-orbit space flight Major Gordon Cooper makes his speach at a ceremony at the White House. Listening is President Kennedy, who had just presented the latest American astronaut with the Distinguished Service Medal of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Also in the photograph are fellow-astronauts Gus Grissom, Alan Shepard, Walter Schirra and Scott Carpenter. In his speech President Kennedy paid tribute to Major Cooper: his flight, he said, proved that man was still indispensable in space—"Man is still the best computer of all." After the ceremony Major Cooper and his family were driven in procession through Washington. Last week he was also given a triumphant welcome in New York and his home town, Houston in Texas



Flowers for the President of India

Dr. Radhakrishnan, the President of India, receives a bouquet from one of the girl pupils at the Indian school in Teheran. This was one of his engagements during his State visit to Iran last month. From June 12 to 22 President Radhakrishnan will be visiting Great Britain at the invitation of the Queen. The Queen visited India at his invitation in early 1961. She also visited Pakistan at that time

Visitors from Rumania in London

Mr. Edward Heath, Lord Privy Seal (right), meets Dr. Roman Moldovan, a member of the Rumanian State Council and First Vice-Chairman of the Rumanian State Planning Committee (left). Centre is Mr. Lazareanu, Rumanian Minister in London. The occasion was a reception at the Rumanian Legation in London, held for the first Rumanian Parliamentary Delegation to visit Britain since the war

VOTES, TALKS AND VISITS

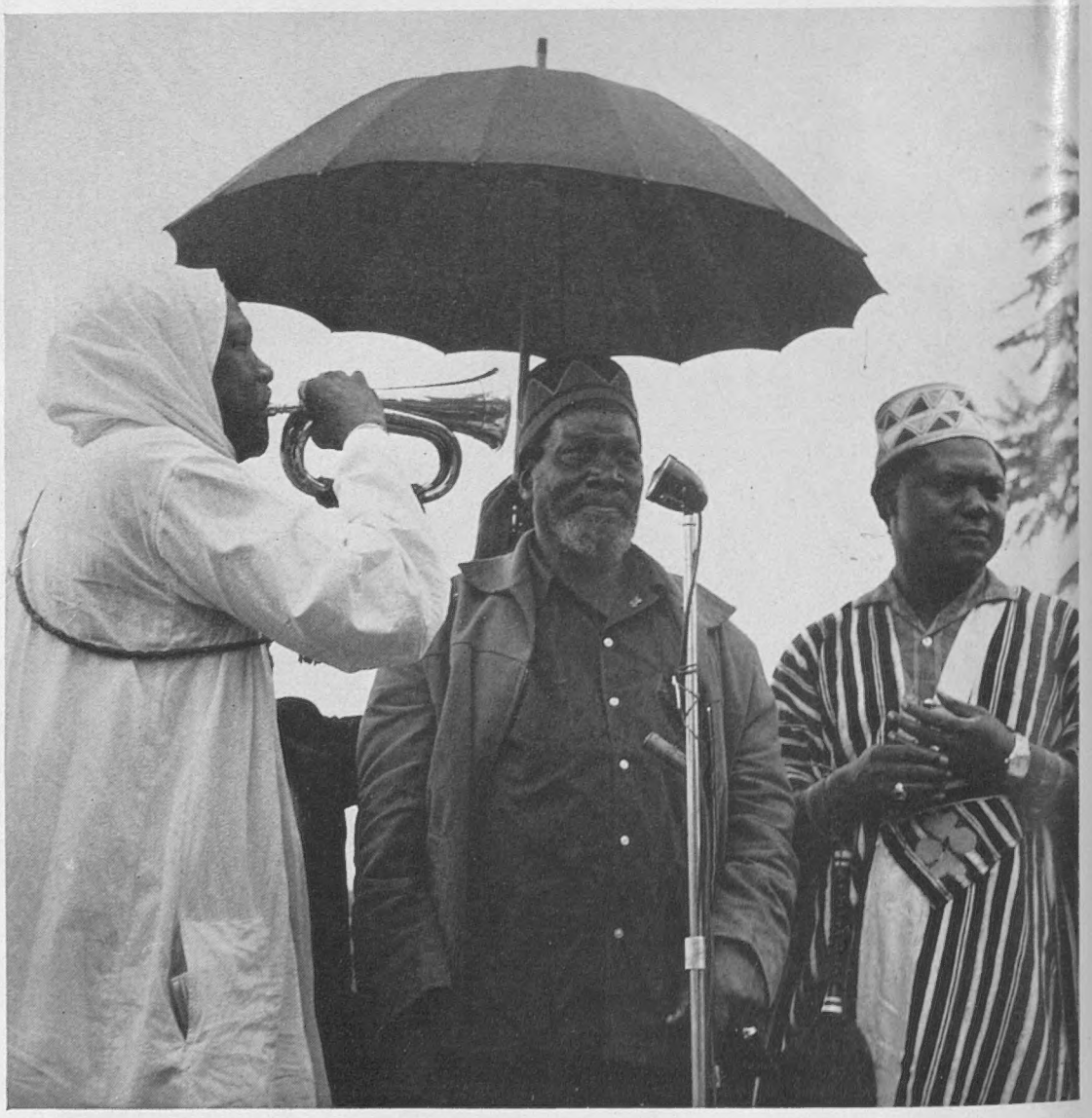
In their eagerness to record their ballots in the Kenya elections voters run to a polling station in Nairobi, having burst through a police cordon

The results of the Kenya elections were expected to be known by Tuesday of this week, and by Wednesday the task of cabinet-making should have begun. Voting went on throughout last week, and on Sunday for the regional assemblies, the Senate and, finally, for the House of Representatives. In some places voters showed an enthusiasm usually associated with theatre-goers, queueing all night outside polling stations. There were also incidents of violence, police having to break up fights between supporters of the rival parties. In Isiolo in the Northern Province Somali tribesmen boycotting the elections tried to prevent non-Somali voters entering a polling booth. This led to a serious clash with the police. Four Somalis were killed and nine wounded, and 17 policemen were wounded.

Meanwhile to the north of Kenya, in Addis Ababa, the political leaders of the non-white independent countries of Africa concluded their Summit meeting. The main result to emerge was a decision to set up an Organisation for African Unity. Its terms provide for an annual meeting of the Heads of State or Government and a twice-yearly gathering of Foreign Ministers. There will be machinery for mediation in disputes between member states.

White Africa was also in the news as Mr. Field, the Southern Rhodesian Premier, set out for his talks in London. Southern Rhodesia is perhaps the most difficult of the problems which have to be settled as a result of the break-up of the Federation.

The end of the Federation was also presumed to be among the subjects discussed by Sir Roy Welensky during his five-day stay in Capetown with Dr. Verwoerd, the South African Prime Minister.



At an election rally in Kenya's capital a bugler introduces Mr. Kenyatta and Mr. Mboya, the Kanu leaders

Fa lies at the Summit. Relatives of delegates to the meeting of African leaders in Addis Ababa are among those listening to the deliberations

Mr. Ronald Ngala, the leader of Kadu, chief rival to Kanu, attends a meeting

Mr. Winston Field and his wife reach London from Southern Rhodesia

Sir Roy Welensky and South Africa's Dr. Verwoerd talk in Capetown

IRONIES OF U.S. HISTORY

328 My recollections of India in a crucial period, not merely in my own existence but in the history of the sub-continent itself, have a habit of flooding back on me nowadays. I think that I can now take a balanced view of the end of the British Raj and the transfer of power; and the whole tremendous experience gives me certain standards of judgment with which to assess actions and attitudes in the acutely difficult phase through which international, and indeed interracial, relations are now passing.

Those of us who served in India 20 years ago could not but be aware of the insistent pressure of American criticism, of American dislike and distrust (from the President and his personal representatives downwards) of all that we and our predecessors did or tried to do. However loyal or useful we strove to show ourselves as allies, we were tainted by our imperialism. American interest in and sympathy for Indian nationalism and individual Indian politicians were constant and unstinted.

There were, however, exceptions. One blistering summer night I found myself, in company with an RAF colleague, waiting at some junction in the middle of India for a train that was many hours—I am not sure now that it was not many days—late. Warned that it might be expected within 20 minutes or so, we sat at the end of the platform, hunched on our piled kit, sweaty, very tired and pretty morose. A little distance up the platform there was an American officer, perched or crouched in similar timeless but all-enveloping dejection. Along the whole length of the platform there strode a big, majestically self-important Bengali gentleman of the professional middle class. He wore a spotless white dhoti, English-made black shoes, and a Congress cap perched jauntily on one side of his massive, leonine head. He carried a large, unrolled umbrella; his stride was imperious, and I had a suspicion that he was either a Member of the Legislative Assembly in Delhi or a Minister in a provincial Government.

His stroll brought him past the American officer and ourselves. As he drew level with the American he ejected, with the skill that comes with years of practice, a massive wad of betel juice, which plopped on to the platform within inches of the officer's foot. He sailed on past us and repeated this performance in our immediate neighbourhood. Then the American officer rose and approached us, with whom hitherto in the course of a long vigil he had not exchanged one word. He stood to attention and saluted us.

" Brothers," he said, " Would you just go on oppressing? " He turned and went back to his lonely perch. My companion, who in a pre-war incarnation had toured the United States as a member of one of those Oxford and Cambridge debating teams that went out annually, murmured: " A Southern gentleman, by his accent."

He might have added by his outlook. I have sometimes wondered whether our friend—there can be no doubt about the strength of the emotions he generated—survived to return and become a worthy and respected citizen of Oxford, Mississippi, or Birmingham, Alabama.

The negro dilemma

It is now, I think, one of the keener ironies of history that the result, inside the United States, of many decades of American anti-imperialist pressure and persuasion, and of the liquidation of the Dutch, French, Belgian and British Colonial empires, has been the swift and sensational increase in racial tension. The frustration and anger of American negroes have burst the traditional social bounds within which they have been contained, for the most part, since the war between the States. Despite the very cynical melodrama in which they have been enfolded, the recent happenings in Birmingham, Alabama, are a sombre portent. American negroes want, and are now determined to get for themselves by force if necessary, the political rights, responsibilities, the social recognition, the educational and career opportunities which they see their distant kinsfolk in Africa obtaining so easily and so effectively. Every new African State that emerges in all the panoply of nationhood, and every new African nationalist leader who gets VIP treatment in Washington and exchanges pleasantries with Mr. Kennedy, can only tauten the tension, make the bitterness more acute and the desire for justice more intense.

Nor are these sentiments, and the explosive expressions they now find, confined to the South. At many levels of human existence it is as difficult to be an American negro in the North as it has ever been in the South.

The educated, intelligent and artistically creative American negro grows up in a civilisation made by white men, for white men, with the white man's values, white man's myths and white man's magic. Christianity, the " old-time religion," the faith of the dispossessed, the humble and the outcast, has been his people's spiritual standby for generations; but to the emancipated, intellectual Christianity now seems steeped in the poison of racialism. He cannot turn back to the distant gods of his ancestors who were ferried across the Atlantic in the slave ships. He cannot discover or create an " American negro personality " as, in the emergent nations, his counterpart discovers or creates an " African personality."

Meanwhile the harder and the more cunningly he fights for the recognition which is his due, the more subtly and the more tenaciously (it seems to him) do the whites enforce their resistance and their determination to hold on to power and privilege. One negro student registers at a white university in the South, a posse of police must guard him night and day, and his name is sprawled across the world's headlines; but what of the hundreds, probably thousands, north as well as south of the Mason-Dixon line who suffer deprivations and humiliations beyond count, simply because their skin is black?

The magnitude and the rapidity of the United States' victory in its anti-colonialist crusade have precipitated this major internal crises. Desegregation, integration, a " true " (as opposed to a " false ") racial partnership, are all earnestly canvassed as ways of getting out of it. President Kennedy and his brother, Mr. Robert Kennedy, the U.S. Attorney-General, have flung all the weight of their authority behind the desegregation campaign in the Southern States; and there is no need to question the sincerity of their intentions.

But it might be as well, I believe, if Americans looked carefully at what is happening in emergent Africa. The idea of racial partnership there has been discarded abruptly in each and every nation that since the early 1950s has attained independence. I recall ruefully but with no regrets at all the years of effort I spent in working for the fulfilment of what I still believe to have been the best practical as well as the right solution to Africa's racial problem.

The rulers of Africa today do not want to share the fruits of their liberation with white men; to themselves must belong the power and the government. Any idea of a continuation of European settlement under their authority is now utterly unrealistic. They have won a momentous victory. Can the American negro be blamed if, looking across the ocean, he broods over the prospect of a similar victory in his own land? Only a handful of crazy extremists think and feel thus? Who, 20 years ago, would have dared to foretell happenings which in Africa now we take for granted?

In Greensboro, North Carolina, the scene of recent negro anti-segregation protests, police bar the foyer of a cinema. Behind them are negro demonstrators who are waiting to be taken to be charged

SCHOOLS AND LEATHER FAIR

At the Royal School of Church Music at Addington Palace, in Surrey, a choirboy, Peter Hood, is presented to the Queen during her visit. **Left:** The Queen is shown round a new block of the Royal Russell school at Croydon by the head boy and girl.

Below: Prince Philip arrives by helicopter at Alexandra Palace to visit the International Leather Fair. On his right is Mr. C. N. Harrod, Chairman of the Fair's Organising Committee, who later handed him a £500 cheque for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme.

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

330 **New face of old forest**

Familiarity, it is said, breeds contempt. That is too hard a saying; but familiarity certainly breeds cool and critical second thoughts. I often drove through the New Forest before I bought a house there, and as I glanced from right to left, every glade and vista suggested rambles in solitude and a paradise for wild life. On closer acquaintance, many of them prove to be bogs, litter dumps and uncontrolled caravan sites, and, curiously enough, the Forestry Commission's enclosures now provide the best hope of survival for wild life, despite their gravelled roads and constant felling activities. And now, too, something is being done for the preservation of the Commoners' ponies and cattle. The Forest's inviolable acres are being pared away very generously to improve the speed of cars on its two main roads, A31 and A35; and certainly A31 between Ringwood and Cadnam has long been frustrating, as its lorry traffic increases. In addition to road widening, special fencing will soon be building on both sides of A31, and quite a big acreage of the sacred land will pass to the Ministries of Transport and of Agriculture. These fences will ultimately be solid and, as Highland snow fences collect and hold back snow-drifting, these fences will serve the same purpose for litter of all kinds. There will be tunnels at intervals to enable riders and animals to cross the speed track in safety and cattle grids will defend the tracks that cross the road. And so, once more, the passing motorist, if he risks taking his eye from the cars ahead, will see to left and right a solitude and a paradise for wild life, and if the charm of speeding and the new fences deter him from exploring the solitudes, it may be that his illusion will be less illusory than most illusions, and that the lost acres of the inviolable nature reserve will be acres well lost. But it will be a raw deal for the majority of the Commoners who turn out no animal of any kind, if *all* must pay from the rates part of the cost of diminishing the Forest's acreage. Alas! it is only a beginning. The innumerable cross-roads will remain unfenced. Along them, all but forest-lovers tend to speed, and along their verges ponies and cattle browse and wander in the half-light, hardly distinguishable from furze and heather clumps.

Romsey's famous son

Passing through Romsey (as I often do), I thought about the first of its three famous male worthies, Sir William Petty. (The other two are Palmerston and Mountbatten.) On returning home I found that Trinity Sunday was the day of his birth 340 years ago in that town, then famous for its Abbey and wool industry. This extraordinarily versatile scientist and economist, one of the founding members of the Royal Society, is the ancestor of the Lansdowne family. There was nothing he could not turn his hand to and do well. He was equally successful as physician, geographer, surveyor, shipbuilder, political economist. He could even raise up the dead, build unsinkable ships and work out foolproof systems of national taxation, all difficult things to do. "A proper handsome man," Aubrey called him, though that verdict is not borne out in a picture of him by Kneller, which years ago I presented to Romsey's Town Hall. Indeed, he looks as ugly as Pepys in the same painter's picture of him in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge—and very like him, too. Romsey's famous son is, of course, well represented in the Abbey. In the Town Hall, he is hung too high to be examined. How he would have shone in the nuclear and space age, for which, no doubt, he helped to clear the way in that great upward surge of science after the Restoration.

A gardener in wellington boots paddles through a stream in the rock garden made by George G. Whitelegg Ltd. for the Chelsea Flower Show, held in the grounds of the Royal Hospital until May 24. This year was the 50th anniversary of the Society's shows—the standard of exhibits was as high as ever

As once in May

May 1963, at the time of writing, has not yet run its course, but its half-term record was quite shocking. The poets of old who glorified it, if still alive, would rightly stand together in the dock on a block charge of false pretences. The "Merrie" month has proved about as cheerful as a gusty November day in Sauchiehall Street. The wind from whatever quarter consistently blew strong to a gale and off an ice-pack. Such ration of sunshine as was served out grudgingly, invariably chose to appear from 6 to 8 a.m., only to vanish by breakfast-time and to reappear at 6 p.m. when most of us had been driven indoors in despair to shiver before the fire. No one knows, certainly not the Meteorological chaps, what has caused the poets to look such fools and write such lies. Some attribute it to atomic explosions, others, more party-politically minded, to a Tory Government too long in office. But neither charge is yet proved. Proved to the hilt are the courage and endurance of our cricketers and the wisdom of our footballers. The Game's the Thing. They don't even think about the weather, they adhere to the calendar. The cricketers in May accept frostbite as an occupational risk, the footballers ridicule the risk of sunstroke and play on into summer. The new Minister of Sport, favoured by Lord Hailsham, must have a seat in the Cabinet, whose reforms of all kinds are discussed, and his first task must be to reform the calendar and its relation to popular games.

Half-year hand-out

Soon enough now the second of the year's block awards of honours will be published and cover many columns of our daily papers. Criticism tends to grow stronger about these half-yearly lists. They grow out of hand; the older orders are too rigidly reserved for "privileged" candidates; many VIPs collect the whole bag of tricks and their chests resemble patchwork quilts; MPs (with marginal seats) are too generously "baroneted," those with safe seats are exalted to "another place," too often with unnecessary hereditary peerages in lieu of life status; the various grades of the Order of the British Empire, bestowed on meritorious people of the humbler sort, are at once too many to read through and too few to satisfy that justice has been done . . . and so on. In so far as these awards are the result of the Premier's recommendations to the Sovereign (which nearly all Premiers have regarded as a hateful duty), I am interested only in finding out whether Mr. Macmillan, after experiencing rather hard times since January 1, has noted some of these criticisms and has come to think that a wind of change is blowing over this business of Honours and Awards. The composition of the Upper House and the hereditary system are both today very much in the picture, and it is generally recognised outside Toryland that we are no longer living in the days of Disraeli, and that (though there are worthy exceptions) inheritors of peerages are not in a majority best fitted by heredity and environment to play even a small part in legislative functions. More than that: if holders of hereditary titles are to be given a chance to opt out, there is a strong case for not saddling their heirs with a title of any sort. I am not particularly interested in noting signs of Mr. Macmillan's change of heart generally as the life of the present Parliament draws to a close; but I should be relieved (on non-party lines) if the Birthday Honours List contains fewer hereditary peerages and baronetcies and a broader basing on democratic lines. For there is a growing feeling that these creations are long outworn and, what is more, illogical in a democracy.

The Old Stager

Members of the Women's Voluntary Service in their green uniforms having a picnic in the Palace of Westminster after a Service in the Abbey marking their 25th anniversary

The dedication service conducted by the Bishop of London, Dr. Robert Stopford, at the rebuilt Parish Church of the Holy Trinity, Hounslow. The church replaces a temporary one which was built within the ruined walls of an earlier church. This was destroyed by fire during the war

The Dowager Marchioness of Reading, the Chairman of the WVS, talks to Mr. Profumo outside Westminster Abbey

ROUND-UP OF NEW PLAYS

332 It is a chancy business these days forecasting which plays will run: some knocked by the critics make a mint of money, others, highly praised, softly vanish away. In the recent crop, recorded on these two pages, there is not much of a pattern—one glossy Tennent revival of a Shaw play, with a very strong cast and director; one French comedy, *A Shot in the Dark*, transmogrified on the way to London by being an American adaptation; one anarchic and at times funny comedy in the modern idiom at the Royal Court; one anti-working-class comedy—*Norman*—by a writer better known for his screen plays; and one slice of strong drama, with a plot concerning the return of Hitler, entitled *Night Conspirators*, which comes to the stage by way of television and is the work of a dramatic critic, Robert Muller. None of the new plays got entirely favourable or, come to that, entirely unfavourable reviews. They show a fragmentation of public taste which has bedevilled managements for some time. On the whole the actors have come out better than the playwrights.

In a scene from the glossy revival of Shaw's comedy, THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, at the Haymarket are Sir Colenso Ridgeon (James Donald) and Dr. Blenkinsop (Peter Howell)
Above right: Jennifer Dubedat (Anna Massey) and Louis Dubedat (Brian Bedford)
Right: Sir Patrick Cullen (Liam Redmond), Sir Ralph Bonington (Wilfrid Hyde White) and Louis

Photographs by Reg Wilson and Anthony Crickmay

Above: NIGHT CONSPIRATORS — the leading role in Robert Muller's drama at the Saville is played by Peter Wyngarde

Top left: DAY OF THE PRINCE — in a scene from Frank Hilton's domestic farce at the Royal Court are Prince (Bari Johnson) being interviewed by Louise (Jean Conroy), Cyril (Christopher Sandford), Mum (Angela Baddeley) and Bert (Bernard Bresslaw)

Above left: A SHOT IN THE DARK—in a scene from the Marcel Achard comedy at the Lyric are the two protagonists—Sevigné, the lawyer (George Baker), and Josefa, the accused servant girl (Judi Dench)

Left: NORMAN — the parents, Dora and Charlie England, in Frank Harvey's play at the Duchess are played by Kathleen Harrison and Bernard Lee

FLOODLIGHTING TRANSFORMS

Floodlighting transforms the rugged outline of two famous castles. The Tower of London (above) has the added illumination of a full moon. The "Fair White Tower" is the subject of a Son et Lumière spectacle presented nightly (except Sundays) until September from boats moored in the Thames opposite Traitors' Gate. Sponsored by the London Tourist Board, it will tell the story dating from 1660 of the trial and imprisonment of Sir Robert Wallop for his part in the execution of Charles I. At Dover Castle (right) there is to be floodlighting throughout the summer, but the only sound in the drama there will be the pounding of the waves at the foot of the white cliffs

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

A TOUR OF HMS VICTORY

I suppose I must have been about ten years old when I was taken over the *Victory*. It was not a conducted tour as one of a big party, but a visit laid on specially for me and my father by a cousin, who was then some sort of big-wig in the Royal Navy. So I ought to remember it all well. As a matter of fact I do remember the occasion very well because HMS *Victory* was then berthed in Portsmouth Harbour and we went out to her in a boat, which was a considerable adventure for a small country boy.

It was a rowing boat and two sailors rowed it, one pulling an oar on one side and one an oar on the other. And I have a clear memory of one of those sailors; a big, burly, bearded man. Or rather, I think I have. But memory also tells me that he was very like the picture which used to advertise a famous brand of cigarettes. So, perhaps I do not remember him at all; only the picture. But that is really all I remembered of that visit: of the ship, nothing. For all that has come to me, when anyone has mentioned the *Victory*, has been a vague memory of cramped darkness and the vague memory of a stale, seaweedy smell.

I have just been over HMS *Victory* again; for the first time since that childhood excursion. Seeing her high and dry, resting on her specially designed cradles so that her normal waterline level is parallel with the top of the dock, my first reaction was one of intense surprise. I had not remembered her as beautiful: but beautiful she is, even to one who, like myself, knows little about ships. (It was no surprise to learn that she was used as a prison for many years after her launching.) I had no idea that she was so large: which is strange, for childhood memory usually exaggerates size. Now, she towers above the dock. Standing on the dock, looking up at her, one gets an impression not only of great height and size, but also of immense strength. She appears unbelievably *thick*. Nor was this my impression alone. More than one in our party, as we stood on the dock waiting to go up the gangway, exclaimed at her size.

There is an excellent, and very well illustrated guide book, to HMS *Victory*. But the tour of the ship is so planned that you do not discover its existence until you are leaving the ship. What you get out of a tour of the *Victory* depends, therefore, upon the guide: and guides are, inevitably, somewhat at the mercy of the party they have to conduct.

I was one of a party of 30: made up of four young middle-aged American ladies wearing sun-glasses—and these they kept on even on the lowest deck, which is far from light, so that I do not know how they saw anything—a Jamaican and his wife, two young Germans, a couple of rather tired Midlands businessmen with their wives (both too high-heeled for comfort on those steep ladderways), myself, a party of prep. schoolboys in charge of a young master, and a party of rather older schoolgirls in charge of an elderly mistress. A group sufficiently oddly assorted to test the capabilities of any guide.

Our guide was a young rating. He was an exceptionally good guide, for (quite apart from the guide-book stuff) he obviously had a real and deep interest in his subject. Of course, he had learned the book of words by heart—all guides must perforce do that—but he did not repeat it parrot-fashion and, unlike so many guides, he was never at a loss when interrupted. He had a pleasant sense of humour, he answered questions politely and accurately, he was friendly and composed. During the whole of one hour's tour, I only once saw him uncomposed; and then as the result of a question he could not possibly have expected. We were in Lord Nelson's quarters by the sleeping cabin. This small, cramped, space contains the folding bedstead used by Nelson, a cot, and a combined wash and toilet cabinet.

We were told that the drapings of the cot are replicas of those made for Nelson by Lady Hamilton. One of the Americans, pointing to the wash and toilet cabinet, suddenly asked: "Did Lady Hamilton use that thing too?" Just for a moment his mouth dropped open. But that was all. His reply was polite and dignified; but he did perhaps walk a little hurriedly to his next point. Altogether he was a most admirable guide: courteous, patient, and tactful. He did not rush us round the ship. After each discourse he would leave us for a few moments to look at whatever he had been talking about, to ponder what he had told us. In my experience, it is rare to find such tact in a guide. Someone has taught the *Victory* guides very well indeed.

But, at the end, I felt sorry for him. From the outset he did his utmost to interest the boys and girls. Whenever possible he would get them to the front of the party before he began speaking, and always he would wait for the stragglers before he began. But, with the boys at least, he failed completely. These were top-form types from a good preparatory school, boys of 12 and 13. Not one of them was really interested, most of them (even though this was an afternoon away from school) were bored and made little attempt to hide the fact. There was just a flicker of interest when we came to the cat-o'-nine-tails, but even that was a very faint flicker.

HMS *Victory* has no gadgets, nothing that could be called machinery, does not smell of petrol or diesel. These boys would have been thrilled at the sight of a rocket, a space-capsule, even a machine-gun: a carronade left them stone cold. But there was more to it than that. Seeing these boys so disinterested, so bored, made me realise why the *Victory* made no impression upon me at roughly the same age. It was not that I was gadget-minded—it was just that I was young.

The simple truth is that a tour of HMS *Victory*, to be appreciated, must be undertaken by an adult. Only an adult with some experience of life can appreciate, and then only dimly, what life between those low-ceilinged decks must have been like. A tour of HMS *Victory* is an imaginative, not an historical, experience.

HMS *Victory* in dry-dock at Portsmouth Harbour. The hull and rigging restored to be as they were when the ship was Nelson's flagship at the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Flica II will be among the sparring partners for the new America's Cup challenger

Time is running out very fast, and the chance of a second challenger for the America's Cup being built is receding. Unless a decision is made by someone, or, what is more likely, a group forming a syndicate, within the next few weeks, to back such a gallant, but risky enterprise, we shall only have one new boat to put into the field. She is nearing completion at Robertson's yard at Sandbanks on the Clyde. Designed by David Boyd, who also designed *Sceptre*, the new 12-metre is being built for J. A. G. Boyden, who at the time of writing has not decided on a name for her.

The challenge which was made by the Royal Thames Yacht Club has been accepted by the defenders, and the match for the Cup is to be sailed in September 1964. It had been hoped that others would also build, and that two or even three candidates would fight for the honour of being the challenger in selection trials before the match in American waters. This would have been possible under the terms of the Cup, for the Royal Thames need only name the challenger a week before the match.

Lord Craigmyle, the owner of *Norsaga*, and his Red Duster syndicate had plans to build a 12-metre, and much work in the way of tank testing and design research had been done before the scheme was abandoned. This was not an encouraging sign to those contemplating building, and so Tony Boyden has to be admired all the more for his boldness.

While the cost of a 12-metre might have been about £6,000 before the war, today's equivalent is about £32,000. This is only the initial cost of the boat, however, and there would not be much change from £100,000 by the time all the other expenses of running such a vessel and getting it in high racing trim to the starting line were paid.

Dwindling 12-metre class

The expense of running such superb racing machines is so high in fact, that the hopes of a live 12-metre class racing in this country are also dwindling. Of the other boats remaining from pre-war days—with the exception of *Sceptre*—only two or three will be racing this season; and only *Norsaga* and Tony Boyden's older boat *Flica II* will be available as sparring partners for the new challenger. These two will be racing during the first two weekends of June off Weymouth. Three helmsmen are going to be tried during this training period as possible candidates for the new 12-metre: Col. R. S. G. Perry, a leading former 6-metre helmsman and winner of the silver medal at the Melbourne Olympics in the 5·5-metre class; Bruce Banks (whose firm is making the sails for the challenger), a past winner of two great sailing trophies, the Edinburgh Cup for Dragons and the Prince of Wales Cup for 14-ft. Internationals; and David Thomas, a prominent 12-ft. National dinghy helmsman, who sailed *Norsaga* very successfully last year.

Before joining these two in the south, the new 12-metre will have a fortnight's tuning up against *Sceptre* on the Clyde after her launching which is expected to take place about the middle of June. Of the older 12's, *Kaylena* is the only one to come out to race in handicap events this year, for *Evaine* has suffered an unfortunate accident on the East Coast and it is thought she may be a total loss.

Far left: *Norsager* will be one of the pre-war 12-metre class racing in the coming season

Left: Crew members of the *Westra* ride the port gunwale to balance the craft during a challenge race in Bermuda

Below: At the opening of the Clyde yachting season, in the Royal Northern Yacht Club Regatta at Clynder on the Gareloch, two Gareloch class yachts sail in a rain squall that persisted throughout the day

CRISIS IN HAITI

The crisis of the past few weeks in the small Caribbean republic of Haiti has focused attention on one of those problems which bedevils U.S. policy in Latin America. Basically, for Washington, it is a question of whether to intervene or not to intervene. The latest crisis began at the end of April when two gunmen attempted to shoot the children of President Duvalier. Immediately a reign of terror began, with Duvalier's secret police carrying out intensive searches for the President's political opponents. The chief opponent was a former head of the secret police (known as the Tonton Macoute, or bogeymen).

Behind the crisis and threats of invasion by the neighbouring Dominican Republic was the knowledge that President Duvalier intended to start a second six-year term of office, although his action was of doubtful legality. His regime has come in for widespread denigration as a despotic and cruel tyranny. There were fears that in an explosive situation of subversion from within, Fidel Castro might be tempted to mount some form of Communist invasion.

For the United States, the problem was embarrassing, since much American aid has been poured into the country and from 1915 to 1934 it was occupied by American Marines. Haiti's recent history has a resemblance to that of other Latin American countries. But in one respect it is unique. Haiti was the first negro republic in the world, founded in 1804. The state occupies the western third of the island of Santo Domingo, discovered by Columbus and then called Hispaniola. It became a French colony in the seventeenth century and many African slaves were brought in, whose descendants now form the bulk of the population. The slaves obtained their freedom in a revolt at the time of the French Revolution, led by Toussaint-Louverture, but were then subjected again by the French and only obtained victory by reckless courage. There followed a period of dissension and Haiti did not become the republic of today until 1820. The present constitution was adopted in December 1957, with Dr. Duvalier as President, after a general election. He himself came to power after a bitter struggle between civil and military leaders, in which there had been five Presidents in one year.

Proud of their French heritage, the Haitians nevertheless live in grinding poverty. The annual average income is 70 dollars (£25), and there is an illiteracy rate of over 90 per cent. In these conditions, Duvalier's secret police have exercised a hated domination; racial tensions have multiplied between mulattoes and negroes; and the popular mystical religion of voodoo is widespread.

Attempts have been and are being made to alleviate these conditions. In 1958, a law was passed providing for a five-year campaign to eliminate illiteracy, but this has not made any great impression. (*continued on page 340*)

Above left: In front of President Duvalier's grandiose palace in Port-au-Prince, the Haitian capital, stands a statue of Toussaint-Louverture, a negro slave who rose to become a French general and who led the slaves in their courageous fight for freedom

Above: The poverty of today—a market scene in the primitive shanty town of Kenskoff. It is situated in the mountains 6,000 feet above the capital

Far left: Building a new school. The school furniture (foreground) is being made on the spot

Left: French colonial style buildings in the town of Cap Haitien

Upper right: This converted truck is a bus and sometimes a hearse

Right: Principal means of transport in the villages of the interior is the donkey. This street scene is in Jacmel. The village used to be a large coffee centre but has declined after a disastrous fire

CRISIS IN HAITI *continued from page 338*

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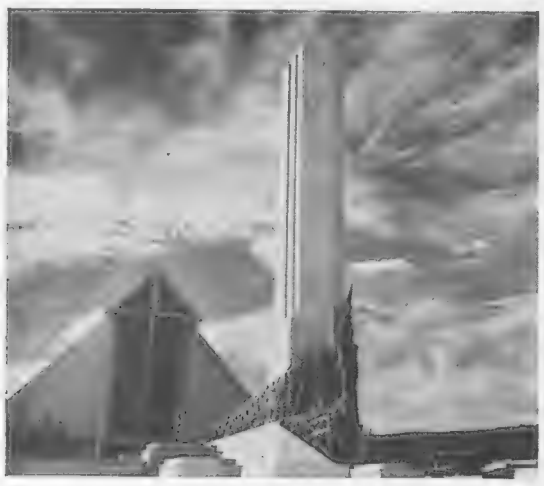
Less than 15 per cent of the republic's population live in towns. The others are mostly engaged in tilling tiny farms they own. The most important product is coffee: production of bananas and cotton has declined. But a major effort has been made, primarily in the Artibonite Valley project, to increase the rice crop. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the much-needed imports far outweigh the exports. It seems a far cry from the proud idealism of the negro republic of 1804 to the poverty-stricken regime of today.



Like many other Latin American countries, Haiti has produced imaginative modern religious architecture. This is the Church of St. Mark in Port-au-Prince

Above right: In the famous Iron Market, built in 1889 in honour of President Hyppolite, anything in metal can be bought from a pin to an anchor

Right: Coffee, Haiti's principal export, is laid out to dry in the sun in front of a hut, while the women make hats of sisal for sale in the local market

Right: A woman carries vegetables grown on a tiny farm high in the mountains above Port-au-Prince to market in the capital

Centre right: The most common implement in the republic is the machete—used for self-defence, digging in the garden, pruning, or harvesting the sisal

Far right: A roll of baskets made by villagers is carried into market in the capital. Haiti has few roads which are usable by vehicles and few vehicles anyway

On the harbour front in Port-au-Prince. Principal exports are coffee, sisal, sugar and some minerals. Imports are mainly manufactured goods, foodstuffs and machinery

Left: The famous Citadel of Sans Souci built by King Henry Christophe, a negro General of the Revolution who set himself up as king of a separate regime in the north. He committed suicide in 1820 whereupon the republic was reunited. The 140 ft. high walls of the Citadel are 20 ft. thick: it was planned to house 15,000 and is said to have taken 10,000 workers to build it

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THE EAST AFRICAN RIVIERA

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

It takes 13 hours overnight by rail or just over an hour by air to come from up-country Nairobi to Mombasa. As soon as you arrive, you find yourself caught up in an entirely different world: a hotter, more humid world where time, which counted for little enough in the great highland plains, seems to matter even less along this lush, lazy, beach-strewn coast.

Most of East African history has its roots here, and Mombasa seems to have put the whole tumultuous business in a nutshell. At times, today and yesterday become indistinguishable. Now, as then, every January the old port clamours with the arrival of the dhows from Arabia, Iran, India, blown in on the teeth of the north-easterly winds. Every April, their business completed, they are blown out again on the south-easterly monsoon, and the port is left again to the little local dhows which somehow still manage to stagger up and down the coast. Yet, only a couple of miles away, the other side of this island city, is East Africa's finest harbour: Kilindini, the "deep place," where big ships come from every corner of the world, sliding in past the headland and Mombasa's newest hotel, the Oceanic.

In town, the minarets and temple domes juggle on the skyline with the twin towers of the Catholic Cathedral. Among the narrow streets there are bazaars selling everything from Persian carpets to packets of spices. Along the pavements Indian saris brush against the bright cotton robes of Africa, often so paradoxically shrouded in the sombre black of a Moslem *bui-bui*. For sheer colour, the *khanga* (materials) bazaar is unbelievable.

Arabs and Portuguese

And then, of course, there is Fort Jesus. The Arabs had been doing very nicely along the coast for several centuries when, in 1498, Vasco da Gama appeared on the scene. The Portuguese settlers who followed in his wake were hardly popular; even less so was their method of rule. At the end of the sixteenth century Fort Jesus was built as the main Portuguese defence point along the coast. A century later, after 33 months of siege and incredible wastage of human life, it was taken by the Arabs, who held on to it (except from 1728-1729).

With the British and the nineteenth century, a new era began. Great explorers plunged off into the deepest, darkest parts of this unknown continent; missions grew, adding their patient strength to the battle against the slave trade. Finally, with the building of the Mombasa-Uganda railway at the turn of the century, came a new "invasion" from Asia; for thousands of Indians brought over to work on the project, East Africa, too, became a new home.

Relics of the past are scattered about the coast. Gedi, a ruined Arab city, lies silent and broken among a forest ten miles from Malindi. Lamu, 150 miles to the north of it, remains as a living monument to past Arab fortunes. But for the tourist, the coast's chief attractions lie in its beaches, its bathing and its big-game fishing. The main road from Mombasa to Malindi, 75 miles to the north, follows the coast a mile or two inland and, from it, narrow lanes wind down to isolated hotels tucked away in the palms by smooth white beaches. A little under half-way, you come to Kilifi and the Mnarani Club. This marvellous place (full board about £3 a day) is built on a rise at the mouth of Kilifi Creek, with all the equipment available on hire for goggling, water ski-ing (also instruction), underwater fishing and photography (from this summer, with aqualung), boating and every type of fishing, including that ultimate for all angling enthusiasts, big-game fishing. The season for this is October to March, coinciding with the hottest weather and the influx of sun-seeking visitors from Europe.

Jumbled picturesqueness

Water sports of all kinds are also a speciality of Malindi, where four hotels perch alongside the beaches, and where a break in the coral reefs which protect almost the entire coast gives splendid opportunities for surfing. Malindi itself is the centre of the native fishing industry on the Kenya coast, and has the jumbled picturesqueness of many African villages. Beach clubs such as Oceansports and the Driftwood (to open this summer) provide equipment for gogglers, water ski-ers, underwater fishermen, with boat trips out to the coral gardens. Big-game fishing can be arranged through several local companies, while the Malindi Sea Fishing Club at Lawford's Hotel is the centre for fishing fanatics.

The main big-game fishing centre in Tanganyika is Mafia Island Fishing Club, reached in half an hour from Dar-es-Salaam by air. The beaches near "Dar" itself (and very fine they are, too) are, as yet, virtually undeveloped. The growth of the city, in fact, dates only from the days of the German East Africa Co. in the late nineteenth century, a fact which is reflected in the pleasant colonial style of the now ministerial buildings along the Azania waterfront. Indeed the sea-side boulevards leading to Oyster Bay—a tourist centre of the future—are amongst the city's great charms. In town, the new Twiga Hotel is recommended.

At Bagamoyo, 45 miles north of Dar-es-Salaam, you will find some of the most poignant reminders of the days of the slave trade. This pretty, sleepy small town, mostly of mud and wattle houses and beautifully carved doors, was once Tanganyika's chief port and the end of the weary trail for thousands of slaves brought overland to be shipped to Zanzibar, just visible on the horizon. Here, at St. Peter's Mission, a small museum houses the early records of the Mission Fathers and includes details of slaves bought, with their names, ages and how much was paid for their freedom. Many of these freed slaves (about 2,000) were to help form the backbone of new missions subsequently established up-country. At this same spot, Livingstone was entertained; here, too, his body rested a while en route for Zanzibar and subsequently Westminster Abbey.

The whole of the East African coast from Malindi, through Mombasa, Tanga and Zanzibar to Dar-es-Salaam, is linked by services of East African Airways, whose excellent new Friendship aircraft and DC3's pop up and down with their loads of tourists, housewives, businessmen and big-game fishermen. There is even a subsidiary company, with the highly improbable name of Seychelles and Kilimanjaro Air Transport (SKAT), which will take you to Zanzibar's sister island, Pemba, but this is only for the truly remotely minded. Most people will be satisfied with Zanzibar itself, whose name breathes of romance and spices and the heavy, heady scent of flowers.

Cloves and doors

Zanzibar city has a dishevelled kind of charm which takes in the colourful chaos of its market, the narrow traffic-defeating streets, and the waterfront dominated by the Sultan's Palace, the House of Wonders (now Government offices) and an old fortress used as the Ladies' Club. Apart from cloves, doors are Zanzibar's most famous feature: superbly carved in teak, mninga and jack fruit wood, though, alas, not always so superbly maintained, and adorning anything from the most splendid of villas to the humblest house of mud. Other points of interest include Livingstone's house, and many relics of him are in the Zanzibar Peace Memorial Museum.

A network of surprisingly well-surfaced roads criss-crosses the island, where coconut and clove, banana and pineapple, mango and cinnamon, all grow in abundant and glorious disorder. The shores are lined with white beaches with nary an hotel on any of them (the Zanzibar Hotel is in the heart of town). This, you feel, is the kind of place in which, without much trouble, you could let yourself be absorbed and lost in a splendid, sun-baked, spice-scented timelessness.

But I had to return from Zanzibar to Nairobi: three hours by air. The bell boy at my hotel could hardly believe it, and nor could I. It was dark when BOAC winged me off East African soil. The lights of Nairobi spangled the dark highland plain, and night cloaked the silent stealth of movement below me in the Royal National Park. Were the giraffes, I wondered, gazing over the thorn trees at the curious flashing screen that marked the drive-in cinema a mere couple of miles away? It was the kind of fantasy that could only happen in East Africa.

For further information: East Africa Tourist Travel Association, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

Means of access: London-Mombasa, by BOAC, East African Airways, from £210 12s. economy class return to £414 first-class return. Also BUA economy class only. London-Mombasa by British India, from £108-£120 tourist class and £152-£218 first-class single; by Union Castle (one class), single £125-£235.

Top: There are splendid beaches along the East African coast, such as the one at Malindi, north of Mombasa. East Africa offers a wide variety of hotels. **Left** is the entrance to the Moon garden of the Hotel Sinbad in Malindi. **Above:** Mombasa's most modern hotel is the Oceanic, overlooking the mouth of the harbour. Those staying anywhere on the East African Coast will soon become familiar with the common offshore shape, the triangular sail of the swift Arab dhow

LADY NOVELISTS TO THE FORE

344 **Vain Shadow** by Jane Hervey: Gollancz. 18s., is a first novel. I take the publisher's word for this because, if the fact had not been clearly announced, I would have taken the novel for the work of an experienced writer with at least half a dozen books to her credit. And credit it would be, for *Vain Shadow* is a matter for congratulation, and for enjoyment on the part of the reader. The theme is a simple one on the face of it. An old man, a domestic tyrant and a powerful one, dies and his widow, sons and granddaughter meet in the beautiful country house to make the formal arrangements, to wait for the reading of the will and, as Miss Hervey shows us with considerable subtlety, to declare their own characters, however unconsciously. It is an admirable novel, and, in its descriptions of people, alive with irony and humour.

A Slanting Light by Gerda Charles: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s. One of the qualities which sets women novelists apart from their male colleagues—or rivals—is an extraordinary sensitivity to moods and motives. So it is with this book of Miss Charles's which deals with a far from exotic subject but treats it in a highly analytical super-sensitive way, the result of which is a fascinating, uneasy and, in many ways, agonising story. The most banal of domestic situations may respond to clever dissection and yield an exceptional harvest of drama and tragedy. Miss Charles has just this ability for turning the everyday into the exceptional and makes powerful use of it here.

Smith and Jones by Nicholas Monsarrat: Cassell. 13s. 6d., is a further volume in the author's projected series of enquiries into contemporary problems. They are written in the form of fiction but with a strong backing of fact. For instance, the present story is concerned with the defection of two diplomats from their own country to a foreign, possibly an enemy one. It is told by a tough security officer, vividly and economically, and the real gimmick lies in the final sentence. In case anyone should want to turn to that first (anyway a vile habit), I can assure them that it will have no significance without having read the rest of this sensational novel.

Flush Times by Warren Miller: Secker and Warburg. 21s., is the first of a series of novels in which the moods as well as the motives are provided by foreign settings. Mr. Miller, for instance, has written about Havana from the point of view of Americans whose problems are less political than domestic and social. The result is entertaining, moving and violent.

The Natural by Bernard Malamud: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s., was first published more than ten years ago and has, for its active background, the world of American baseball. (The author thoughtfully provides some notes on the game which may make things easier for transpontine readers.) The story, however, is a universal one which deals in terms of ambitions, disappointments and final successes, so that it could have an equally universal appeal—at least it could just possibly.

The Hour of Departure by V. B. Carleton: Heinemann. 18s., reveals itself as one of those novels in the course of which the writer's knowledge of a country finally proves to be more important than the plot itself. Mexico in this case, and exceptionally well conveyed with all the power of its complex civilisation.

Happy Families by Ghislain de Diesbach: Chapman and Hall. 16s., is a diverting form of fictional autobiography dealing with the childhood years of the " narrator," a boy whose first years were " quiet, opulent and pious " and who was subsequently exposed, less quietly and opulently, to the vagaries of a Brighton household. Highly amusing.

Street of the Four Winds by Naomi Doudayi: Hodder and Stoughton. 18s., tells one as much about the city of Tel Aviv and the modern state of Israel as one could well absorb from a score of pamphlets and newspaper articles. It is also a high-spirited, colourful novel by a perceptive writer who was reared in Scotland and now lives in the Middle East.

Mariner's Prison by Michel Mohrt: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s., won a fiction prize from the *Academie Française* and is an extremely readable, unconventional and engaging story about a young Breton who is embroiled in a smuggling venture between Northern Ireland and Brittany, discovers the hazards of seafaring and illicit love, and finally recognises the facts of his own youth and his colleagues' rather venal experience.

A Love of Innocence by Robin Jenkins: Jonathan Cape. 21s., is a tale of compassion, told without sentimentality and enormously effective in its calm though deeply sincere manner. Two boys come from a Glasgow orphanage to a

Shown here actual size, the miniature of Sir Walter Raleigh is by the best known of English miniaturists, Nicholas Hilliard. Reproduced by permission of the National Portrait Gallery, it forms one of the illustrations to English Portrait Miniatures by Daphne Fosket: Methuen. 5 gns. The authoress, in a thorough-going survey, starts with the arrival in England of Hans Holbein in 1526, and then, period by period, covers the ground to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries

ALL THE RUSSIAS

Russia in My Life by Thomas P. Whitney: Harrap. 25s. Mr. Whitney, as an American diplomat in Moscow, where he served from the middle of the Second World War until the advent of Khrushchev, has written his very personal experiences of that period. He really lived two lives in the Soviet capital—one during office hours in the Embassy in a wholly American world, the other after office hours in a Russian world, sharing an apartment on the Arbat with Julie, his future wife, and his mother-in-law-to-be. Mr. Whitney met Julie, a state composer and singer, in the Gorky Park of Culture and Rest. It was love at first glance. Today they live together in the United States in a more lush society. The author concludes with some powerful philosophising on the situation of Russia and America in the world today. His love of the American way of life shines clear as does his respect for Russian might. To paraphrase Lincoln Steffens, he concludes, " I have been over into the future—and it frightens."

Mongolia: Unknown Land by Jorgen Bisch: Allen and Unwin. 32s. The Mongolian People's Republic, with Siberia to the north and the Gobi Desert to the south, surrounded by Russian and Chinese territory, stands behind powerful physical and political barriers. Nevertheless, it is moving fast into the modern world. Twenty years ago almost the entire population lived in yurts or mud huts, feeding their fires with cow dung and leading a more or less nomadic life. Now half the capital's population at Ulan Bator live in modern centrally heated blocks of flats, factories are arising everywhere, and popular education is on the march. In this colourful volume, colourful by reason of its magnificent photographs, this Danish author has attempted to show an antique land in the process of transition, and he seems to have succeeded admirably. Let us hope the Mongolian authorities who tried to make Mr. Bisch leave the country without his precious colour pictures, just because he photographed a one-eyed camel driver and a wizened old man in dirty clothes, will now revise their ideas; for here is some very fair reporting.

Burgess and Maclean by Anthony Purdy and Douglas Sutherland: Secker and Warburg. 18s. When these two young Foreign Office diplomats went to the Soviet Union, thus avoiding arrest in Britain, they took with them for their new Soviet masters a unique report on the system which governs Britain. Today their political usefulness is at zero, and, according to the authors of this up-to-date appraisal of their story, Burgess and Maclean, after all these out-of-touch years, probably do little more than advise on western literature, their direct employers being offshoots of the State Publishing House. Maclean, it is to be gathered, keeps very much in his own family circle and, like his wife, is still an ardent Communist. Burgess, tired of conformity, we are told, is drifting in a steady downhill direction, appearing less and less on state and other formal occasions, seeking the seamy side of life in Moscow and the Black Sea resorts. It is not an elevating tale; but even after all this time interest clings to it.

The World Bank by James Morris: Faber and Faber. 25s. It is a little surprising that Mr. Morris, who has written lively and colourful books about Venice, the Hashemite Kings, and contemporary America, should write a book about that most professional of bodies, The World Bank, one of the successful international institutions, created after the Second World War, and perhaps one of the least known in respect of its day-to-day workings. This is the chief single

remote island off the west coast. Their father has murdered their mother, possibly within their sight, and the matron of the home has an especial sympathy for their case, although she scarcely reveals it. Mr. Jenkins's long and sensitive novel is concerned with the way in which the boys work through to a normal life.

The Fawn by Magda Szabo: Jonathan Cape. 21s., has been translated from the Hungarian by Kathleen Szasz and is the story of a Budapest actress, told in the first person, and addressed to the lover she has lost. Emotional; with excellently reported contemporary scenes, before and after the war.

Thou Shalt Not Kill by Igor Sentjurc: Constable. 21s., translation by Eric Mosbacher, is a near-epic by a Yugoslav writer and has been hailed by an American critic as a work in the class of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Whatever one's own opinion of the comparison may be, there is no doubt that Mr. Sentjurc has written a powerful indictment of war, or that his style has a telling simplicity.

The Angry Island by Kenneth Royce: Cassell. 13s. A novel of adventure, as distinct from the detective novel proper, is not only a specialised but a difficult *genre* in which to succeed. Mr. Royce is one of the half-dozen writers in the language who manages to make such stories gripping and at least half-way credible. His new book is set on a Mediterranean island; small, inaccessible and dominated by a mysterious but violent organisation.

Kill or Forty by Miles Tripp: Macmillan. 18s., is brief in length though forceful in impact: the story of a fat but resourceful fellow who fights off a deadly enemy in the desert close by the shores of the Red Sea. Tough and sophisticated.

The Gold-Seekers by W. R. Burnett: Macdonald. 16s., shows the author of *Little Caesar* as a sensational historian of the Klondike gold rush of 1896, in a fast-paced adventure story with excellent factual backing. **Vernon Fane**

agency by which the backward nations of the earth are trying to hoist themselves into equality, and Mr. Morris explains the complicated techniques of operation by examining five situations in five corners of the world where the Bank's money is playing a major role. The presentation could hardly be more effective, perhaps because this volume is more about the workaday world than the routine of a banking institution.

Atlantic Air Conquest by F. H. Ellis and E. M. Ellis: William Kimber. 36s. This is the complete story of all North Atlantic flights and attempts during the pioneer years from 1910 to 1940. Here is an illustrious record of courageous men and women; and it is strange how many of them are already half-forgotten. An example is Beryl Markham, the first and only woman to fly the Atlantic alone from east to west.

Elementary Air Survey by W. K. Kilford: Pitman. 37s. 6d. The author explains simple methods of map making by use of vertical photographs. *Elementary Air Survey* will be of use not only to map makers, but all who use air photographs from archaeologists to town and country planners. **Richard Edmonds**

HUSTON: DIRECTOR

A maverick among Hollywood film directors, John Huston has increased an already high reputation in the past few years. His films have an individual flavour with the result that they are sometimes commercial flops and sometimes huge financial successes. His latest, *The List of Adrian Messenger*, opened in London last week, at the Odeon, Marble Arch. It is a mystery-thriller, not altogether serious in intent: the first film that Huston directed, in 1941, after a period as a script writer, was also a thriller, *The Maltese Falcon*, which has become a classic.

John Huston is the son of the late Walter Huston, one of the best-loved of film actors. His first career was as a boxer. Then came a long period of various jobs before he made *The Maltese Falcon*, starring Humphrey Bogart, a partnership which continued after the war. Huston's home is now in Ireland, but he continues to display a characteristic restlessness which has led him to explore a wide range of subject matter. The film he made before his latest was *Freud*, starring Montgomery Clift. This, unfortunately, has not yet reached Britain.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **ROY MITCHELL**

Mr. J. F. Roy Mitchell, Managing Director of Mitchell Engineering Ltd. of Peterborough since 1954, was appointed Chairman of the company in succession to his father, the late Mr. F. G. Mitchell in December of last year. He also became Chairman of the Mitchell Engineering Group and is Chairman of three associated companies—Parcar Ltd., Parcar Utilities Ltd., and Parcar (Shoe Lane) Ltd.—concerned in the development of multi-storey car parks. It was recently announced that Mitchell Construction Co. Ltd., a member of the Mitchell Engineering Group, is to become a public company in the near future and Mr. Mitchell will be its President. He is also a director of 20 other companies. Aged 50, Roy Mitchell was educated at Shrewsbury and worked on the shop floor in various engineering companies before joining the family company as a sales representative. He was Sales Manager before becoming Managing Director. Like his father before him, he is a keen yachtsman, representing England in the 1960 Olympic Games when his wife crewed for him. He was Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club from 1959 to 1961. Also like his father, he is a Past Master of the Worshipful Company of Felt Makers. He spends a considerable part of his time travelling abroad on business, but when he is in England he and his wife live at Market Deeping, Lincolnshire

GAS FROM THE NORTH SEA

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

If there is natural gas under the North Sea—as a growing array of international oil companies think it is worth gambling big money that there may be—it could transform the pattern of fuel supplies in Britain, provided that Britain turns out to have any rights to it. Even if there isn't, or there isn't much, the British gas industry seems likely in future to be using a lot more natural gas (and other new raw materials) than anyone would have guessed a few years ago. If gas finds should be made by drilling out in the middle of the North Sea, nobody can be sure at present under whose national jurisdiction they will come. Britain, like most other countries, has a three-mile limit of national waters, and is at present in the process of widening that limit to six miles out. But that rule applies to the waters, not to the sea-bed; there our ambitions extend much further, but no agreement exists about how far.

International discussions about rights to the "Continental Shelf" around countries have resulted in broad acceptance of the principle that a country's rights should extend to minerals that can be worked out to the limits of this "Shelf." This is sometimes fairly precisely defined as reaching out to the 200-fathom sounding from one's shore; sometimes, much more loosely, defined as reaching out as far as mineral workings are practicable. This could make the limits of one's national jurisdiction elastic, as the technological possibilities of offshore drilling advance.

In the North Sea, an area of ocean on which several countries have longish coastlines and claims, it seems clear that some more specific paralelling out will have to take place, as for example has taken place in the oil-rich Persian Gulf (though Iraq and Iran, for example, do not quite agree where the limits of each other's offshore areas meet or overlap).

The contours of the sea-bed could be important here. In the North Sea, some of the deepest channels and "trenches" occur, as it happens, nearer to the coast of Continental Europe than to the East coast of Britain. If one were to interpret the "Continental Shelf" strictly in terms of where, running out from each coast, the hydrographer first encounters a shelving away to much greater depths, it could mean boundaries much farther out from the North-East coast of Britain, for example, than from the coasts of Germany, Denmark and Sweden. In practice, one doubts whether such an interpretation will prevail—if only for the reason that, potentially, a share in the sea-bed area of the North Sea has of late become so much more interesting a proposition to each government that has any kind of claim to it.

Natural gas at Slochteren

The reason why it has is the other reason why natural gas seems liable to play a larger part in the British fuel economy than was planned up to a year or so ago. Discovery, proving, and now exploitation of the natural gasfield at Slochteren, in the Groningen province of Holland, has been the most important increment of indigenous fuel resources on the Continent for many years. Estimates of the reserves available there have been quoted cautiously from the beginning. The Dutch Government, and the oil companies in partnership with whom it is developing this new source of fuel supplies, have always been conservative. But there is no doubt that the reserves of Slochteren are much bigger than those either of the Lacq field in France or of Italy's Po Valley, ranking only after the reserves of Hassi R'Mel in the Sahara and certain giant gasfields in the Western Hemisphere. Geologically, there seems no reason why similar finds should not extend out under the North Sea, right across to the East of Britain: hence the flurry of exploration.

In any case the Slochteren gas may well affect the fuel economies of Britain and other countries near Holland, as well as the Dutch economy itself. Holland wants to get the best price for its gas, not to base a hectic industrial development strictly on the new cheap fuel; this involves rather deliberate development inside its own borders, and active attempts to export the gas where a good price can be got for it. One likely market, without doubt, is Britain, and conversations with the British gas industry have been going on for some time.

It is a little odd, in talking of natural gas possibilities for Britain, not to begin from the supplies of natural gas for which Britain has already contracted, and which should begin arriving at the end of this year. The whole Conch project for liquefied methane is in train; it will give Britain its first large-scale supplies of methane, and has justified the installation of long-distance supply pipelines for this gas under high pressure. In more ways than one, it can be said to have broken the technological log-jam of raw materials and processes for the British gas industry. Yet the array of possibilities for change that now confronts this industry has widened so much since the Conch deal was made that its own future significance for British gas now seems less easy to delimit.

Gas from petroleum products

The argument about possible prices for town gas made from this methane as against gas made from coal by the Lurgi and other advanced processes, two to three years ago, brought into the market offers of other cheap liquid petroleum gases (propane or butane) for use as an enrichment for the Lurgi gas. Comparatively little of this was actually ever bought, but the argument showed the Gas Council the kind of competitive prices that could be had from the oil industry for products that it could not otherwise sell.

"Continuous re-forming" of naphtha, at the prices at which this can be had nowadays, may offer the British gas industry cheaper gas than it will get from the refrigerated methane which will soon begin arriving at Canvey Island. Dutch gas piped from Holland ought to be able to come in underneath the Saharan gas price, too—though the canny Dutchmen are not planning to give it away. The gas which may be found and exploited on the British Continental Shelf, under the North Sea, would again presumably come in cheaply, too.

None of these developments would shut out the gas shipped from Algeria, which is assured of a steady long-term market for some 10 per cent. of current British gas supplies. Nor would they even necessarily preclude contracts for future supplies from there. What these alternatives probably would mean would be much harder bargaining over the "landed price" for further supplies of such refrigerated gas in Britain, which would "net back," as the jargon goes, to lower proceeds for the gas in Algeria. Opportunities to sell that Algerian gas may be multiplying as the years go by; there seems less and less doubt about pipeline projects to move gas from North Africa across to France and Italy. Once that can be done, there begins to be a rational market pattern for natural gas supplies to Europe, by long-distance pipelines across land or sea. If supplies from under North-East Europe and the North Sea are much more plentiful than could have been guessed when the original Conch project was put together, it may be that the main European markets for Algerian gas will shift into Southern Europe. Only time, results of exploration, and transport costs can tell.

For the British gas industry, the prospect is a rather exciting one. It is no longer a question of "getting out from under coal," as it must have seemed in the middle '50's. The industry has now the chance not merely of arresting the rising cost of raw material, but of getting new sources of gas that offer quite dramatic economies. The great bulk of its existing plant is still based on coal; but almost all its new plant, at much lower capital costs, is designed to make gas from petroleum products of one kind or another, and natural gas seems destined to take a growing place among its supplies. In these circumstances, the uncertain future that always seemed to face British gas may become far more promising. Britain's most modest and least controversial nationalised fuel industry has a new chance of surprising the others.

A complex of road junctions on the Medway Motorway (M2). The first 13 miles were to be opened this week by the Minister of Transport. The remainder should be complete in time for the Whitsun holiday

INVESTING IN HOUSING *by The Sphere City Correspondent*

348 As investors are well aware, house-building has not been one of the major growth industries over the past decade, in spite of its crucial place in the political programmes of all three parties. The number of permanent houses and flats completed last year (314,000) was only 27 per cent. greater than that in 1952, and fell well short of the peak in 1954. There are numerous reasons for this paradox of slow growth in a field of political importance. First, local authorities, who build just under half the total number of houses and flats—either in slum-clearance programmes or as new council estates—are constantly bedevilled by interference from the central government. In times of economic crisis such as 1956 to 1958 and again in 1960 and 1961, restrictions by the Government on the amount of funds that local authorities could raise kept their house-building programme virtually static.

In the private house-building sector, which has taken an increasing share of the total, there have been three brakes on expansion: shortage of land and (part of the same problem) its soaring cost. The key factor here is the Green Belt policy which limits the amount of building land available, but in addition the virtually limitless rents companies are prepared to pay for office space in city centres has provided no incentive for builders to construct anything but offices up to the maximum planning regulations permitted.

Another significant factor in the private house-building market is the brake imposed by purchase funds available. During economic crises the Government has been able to slow down the sale of houses by restricting credit all round. But even in normal times, the main source of house-buying finance—the building societies—is restricted by the state of their funds and their lending policies, especially the clause limiting lending to a proportion of the borrower's income.

Curiosities of the rent system

But underlying the whole problem is the extraordinary irregularity of the rent system in Britain, with part of the population paying according to the laws of supply and demand, part being protected under the Rent Act, and part subsidised by local authorities. The incentive to remain protected or subsidised is such that the real state of demand, and with it the level of rents, that would make houses a better proposition for a builder than, say, offices, has yet to be seen. It is certainly a curious commentary on the state of Britain today that housing accounts for only nine per cent. of consumer expenditure compared with 13 per cent. for alcoholic drink and tobacco.

This is not a state of affairs that can last for ever. Indeed, as each general election approaches, a burst of energy infects housing policy. The amount the central government can do to encourage house-building is fairly limited. But its only real card is the Green Belt policy, and changes in this are highly controversial. However, with a general election on the way, it seems clear that housing is due for another shot in the arm. A young and energetic Housing Minister, Sir Keith Joseph, has been charged with this very duty. Whether or not, therefore,

MIDLANDS MATTERS *by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent*

Mr. Robert Sutcliffe will be able to look back on his two years as President of the Foundry Trades Equipment and Supplies Association with the thought that the 1963 National Foundry Exhibition in Birmingham (which ended on May 25) confirmed the industry's great leap forward into the chemical engineering era. The dirt and smoke associated with foundries is rapidly being replaced by button-pressing and overalls (even if they are not yet white) for many operations. True, the actual pouring of the metal into moulds is less easily made clean and pleasant, but in many other departments scientific research and the application of modern highly mechanised techniques have transformed the industry. Developments in the British industry, centred on Birmingham and the Black Country, have in the last 20 years outpaced those anywhere else in the world.

Sand for the cores and moulds which give the required shape to the casting can now be delivered by pipeline from a road tanker to a hopper, fed with the right amount of bonding agents into an automatic core-making machine, and the cores taken away by conveyor; the human operation is reduced to that of supervision. More noteworthy still in the years since the last similar exhibition in 1959 have been the advances in the chemical field. The technical revolution now getting into its full stride—as much of the equipment shown this year has demonstrated—has been made possible by the development of new bonding resins by the chemical industry. These have cut from hours to seconds the time taken for cores to cure or harden. Two, three or four separate processes can be telescoped into one automatic one.

It is altogether fitting that Mr. Sutcliffe, who took his B.Sc. in oil engineering and refining at Birmingham University in 1932, should be in the forefront of this progress. His wise counsel in the deliberations of the Association has been widely acknowledged. As chairman and managing director of Fordath Engineering Co. Ltd., of West Bromwich, he took the decision, some eight years ago, when such things were in their infancy, to lay down plant for making these complex synthetic resins and to pioneer equipment for using them. The advanced Compact Coater for shell moulding is the only one of its type in the world, and a Continuous Mixer-Slinger with an articulated arm breaks new ground.

He has seen the industry turn from a net importer to a significant exporter. He is a firm believer in increasing still further the degree of internationalisation of trade and commerce, and in the cross-fertilisation of ideas which is always produced by the interchange of visits at home and abroad—especially between competing companies. Fordath Engineering itself has an exceptionally high export percentage of 70 per cent., and Mr. Sutcliffe is, incidentally, repaying a wartime imprisonment in the Far East by selling equipment there.

Gas turbines for electricity

The Power Division of Bristol Siddeley Engines Ltd., which is based at Coventry, has already shown its faith in gas turbines for electricity generating to be amply justified. Since it pioneered the use of lightweight aero gas turbines for industrial purposes, five 3 MW power stations in the West Country and one of 17½ MW, using an industrial Olympus, at Hams Hall power station, Birmingham, have been commissioned.

Bristol Siddeley's mobile gas-turbine generator

Altogether the division has orders for more than £12 million worth of similar equipment, about £10 million worth of which is still in hand. The tremendous advantage of the gas turbine over the conventional steam plant is its instant readiness—it can be started from cold, synchronised with the grid, and be on full load in under a minute. It is therefore of obvious value for emergency stand-by or for use at peak periods; its running costs, however, are comparatively high, even though its capital cost is low.

Bristol recently showed at its Coventry works a new application—a mobile 3 MW gas-turbine generator, powered by a 4,250 h.p. Proteus engine. Completely self-contained on a trailer 42 ft. long, it can run on diesel oil or natural gas, and within a minute of starting can provide enough power to supply a town of 10,000 people. Subsequently the "pocket power station," as Bristol affectionately calls it, was hired to Electricité de France to provide power in Corsica.

The Lurgi scheme

An indication of the speed at which modern industrial techniques develop is given by the announcement that the second phase of the Lurgi gasmaking plant at Coleshill, near Birmingham, is now under contract. As yet the first part of the scheme is not producing gas; by autumn, however, it should be producing 40 million cub. ft. of gas a day by the gasification of low grade coals under pressure. When Sahara methane is available next year, capacity will increase to over 50 million cub. ft.

But this plant will have cost £10 million. Doubling its capacity, to 100 million cub. ft., is planned by the end of 1964, and will cost only between £1 million and £2 million. This second phase will use the ICI continuous steam reforming process. This will utilise a petroleum feedstock and a gas recycle hydrogenator which has been developed by the Gas Council at its research laboratories in Solihull.

the Conservatives win the next election, it seems that the benefits of a stimulus to housing will be being felt by the time the election comes round. This is an encouraging background for investors.

Main beneficiaries will probably be the big private house-building contractors such as Taylor Woodrow, Richard Costain and John Laing. All of them have a big stake in housing, especially the new prefabricated methods, and for investors have the additional advantage that another of their divisions—road-building—is also benefiting from an expansion programme. It is true that profits for individual years can be seriously distorted by bad weather, and the current year's figures may in some cases prove disappointing, but on a two-year view the prospects look attractive. Taylor Woodrow shares at 26s. yield about 3·8 per cent., Costain at around 24s., 3·3 per cent., and John Laing at 120s. yield a slender 1·7 per cent.

Alternatively, for the investor who prefers the rather smaller company, H. C. Janes and A. J. Mucklow are relatively little known but have good records and key assets of undeveloped land. Janes' shares at 29s. yield 3·8 per cent. and Mucklow at 17s., 3·6 per cent. Northern investors may prefer a local builder: North British Properties, run by the John Bell family of Newcastle, who do a large amount of local authority work. Their shares at 15s. yield 4·2 per cent. For southerners, there is Hawkins Developments with a lively programme of mixed developments: the shares yield 4·9 per cent. at about 2s. 4½d.

'Industrialised building'

But those who like to be in on the latest trend should look at the companies who are pressing ahead with "industrialised building." This means basically the construction of walls, floors, ceilings and other components in factories to be erected on site. The method has the advantage of speed (six weeks against six months by traditional methods) and less time is wasted by bad weather. Among the pioneers of industrialised building in Britain is Concrete Ltd., which has an excellent record and which is at present putting up a blueprint complete terrace of prefabricated houses. Concrete's shares at 37s. yield only 1·3 per cent., but dividend cover is five times. Other companies developing industrialised building include the Fram Group and Bernard Sunley, both of which have rights to French systems, while John Laing and Bovis Holdings have other overseas licences.

Among specialists in factory-made timber houses is Calders, a Liverpool firm that recently won a big London County Council contract for industrialised housing. Unfortunately for investors, although the group may well be on the point of a profit breakthrough after an erratic record, its shares are a very thin market. More easily available are shares in Vic Hallam, a Nottingham group that has just come to the stock market. Hallam has made a name in factory-constructed school buildings and is now working for a consortium of Yorkshire local authorities. At the offer-for-sale price of 9s. the yield was a well-covered 5½ per cent.

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

Jean Zimmer, who was my host in Alsace recently, is a lucky man. He lives at Riquewihr, one of the few near-perfect medieval towns still surviving in Europe. His house in the main street, the Maison Preiss-Zimmer was once upon a time an inn under the sign of the "star" (Hostellerie de l'Etoile). Here his family has lived for 300 years, and here his ancestors have made wine as he does today.

Deep down below the house, the pressing house, the courtyard and the stables behind, are the cellars, where, in great wooden casks, the noble wines of some of the best vineyards of the Haut-Rhin have fermented and matured, year after year, hundreds of vintages of them, in succession. Down there, a few weeks ago, Jean Zimmer was proudly showing me samples from the different casks of the last vintage, just ready for bottling. He was rightly proud, for the 1962 wines, when in bottle, will bring further credit to his house, known for the high quality under its label.

Alsatian wine town

Riquewihr is the pearl of the Alsatian vineyard. Nearby are some of the best plots of the Haut-Rhin, which is the better half of Alsace as far as wine is concerned. In its perfect preservation, a complete ancient monument, this small town, the general appearance of which could not have changed for centuries, lives entirely by the production of wine. It must have done so since time immemorial, or at least since the vine was first planted there. The gentle slopes on the edge of the wide, flat basin of the upper Rhine, sheltered by the massive range of the Vosges, presents the best possible conditions for viticulture. Of the many villages and small towns this is the prettiest and perfect when regarded as a complete, whole unit.

Every one of Riquewihr's 1,500 inhabitants is concerned in some way or other with the production of wine, even if some of them find the time to sell picture postcards and souvenirs

The Maison Preiss-Zimmer in Riquewihr, Alsace

to the many tourists who come to this area from far and wide. Wine is the all-important and all-absorbing interest. I well remember a previous visit some years ago, when I spent a night within the ramparts of the ancient town in the one and only small inn, at the time of the vintage. Up the narrow alleys, and in every courtyard, the many presses, driven by electricity, were humming, cartloads of grapes were blocking the lanes, and one could feel the whole place simply dripping with the sweet juice of the grapes. The intense concentrated activity was so great, and the load on the power supply so excessive, that several times during the evening—for the work went on well into the night—all the lights failed, and there was blackout and silence for a few minutes.

Many firms, some of them even better known than that of M. Zimmer, have their headquarters at Riquewihr. Some deal in larger quantities, but to be able to do this, they have to ship not only their own production but a great deal of wine made by other small growers.

The house of Preiss-Zimmer makes all of the wine which it sells. My host told me that although all his wine does not come from his own vineyards, he only buys grapes from others. Thus every drop of the firm's wine is made under his own ancestral roof. Only this way can he feel confident that it will be up to the exceptionally high standard which he has set for himself.

The Preiss-Zimmer wines

At present, the wines shipped to Great Britain are shipped in bottle, and five different wines, Sylvaner, Riesling, Traminer, Gewuerztraminer and Muscat, are distributed over here by the London agents, Messrs. Davis, Hammond and Barton Ltd. The law of appellation controlé works differently in Alsace to the other regions of France. Local names are hardly ever used in this region; it is always the grape from which it is made that gives the wine its name.

During our visit I tasted the whole range of the Preiss-Zimmer wines, the 1959s, which were still good, but will be soon past their very best, and the 1961s now at their peak. We also had some of them with the many fabulous meals such as only Alsace can offer. The Riesling Grande Réserve, 1961, with the Truite au Bleu at the Hotel Bristol in Colmar; the Grande Alsace with the Saumon Soufflé at the gourmet's paradise of the Auberge de l'Ill, overlooked by a stork family in its nest at Illhaeusern; the Traminer, 1961, with the delicious Terrine Maison at the Belle Vue high up on the hill overlooking Ribeauvillé and the Alsatian Plain; and these were only a few of the highlights of my visit.

SIERRA LEONE LOOKS AHEAD

by Charles Dimont

The main banking hall in the head office of the Bank of West Africa Ltd. in Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone. The building was erected two years ago by Taylor Woodrow (Sierra Leone) Ltd.

Motor traffic runs along Wilberforce Street, which is one of the main thoroughfares of Freetown

Mr. Mustapha, C.B.E., Trade Minister, is a driving force behind Sierra Leone's development

Sierra Leone is now in its third year as a fully independent country. This land of " the Lion Mountain "—the phrase was first used by Portuguese navigators in the fifteenth century —has today an area of about 28,000 sq. miles and a population estimated at around $2\frac{1}{2}$ million. Under its government presided over by Sir Milton Margai, Prime Minister since 1960, the country has made great strides and looks forward with assurance to a still better future.

None will deny the value of the inheritance from the British administration which was established in 1787, and the links between sovereign Sierra Leone and Britain are among the closest in the Commonwealth. Britain still gives all aid it can in such fields as education, nor should the contributions, past and present, of missionary societies be overlooked. The first secondary boys' school was opened in 1845, the first for girls four years later. Fourah Bay College (now the University College of Sierra Leone) is of yet earlier date and for many decades was the only educational institution of its kind in West Africa.

A programme of wide expansion of education at all levels is now being undertaken. An important stimulus to education and information should be the recently opened Sierra Leone Television, established with assistance from Britain of Scottish Television Ltd. The long-term aim of the government is to introduce universal free primary education, but this has to be related to the country's financial position. Much is happening in economic development which should lead to this.

The two main pegs of the economy are the mining of diamonds and of iron ore. Each is the subject of a special article on the following pages. There are exciting possibilities also in the recently discovered bauxite deposits.

Oil prospecting along the shores of Sierra Leone is now in progress, and five miles from Freetown is a big area known as Wellington Industrial Centre where several new industries have opened. These include a brewery, a distillery and a paint factory. Opening the brewery last March, Sir Milton Margai pointed out that the government's economic policy did not only benefit investors. The brewery was providing work for 200 Sierra Leoneans. The country is also making a bid to become a major tourist centre in West Africa. Splendid sandy beaches offer ideal settings for holidays.

The expansion of the economy is in the hands of the Sierra Leone Investments Ltd.,

A local fishing group hauls in a net at Lumley Beach near Freetown. The beaches of Sierra Leone interspersed with bays and coves have much to offer tourists seeking the sun

Work in progress on the coffer dam in the Guma Valley. The dam itself will be completed by Taylor Woodrow in 1965

In the laboratory of the Sierra Leone Brewery which represents an international capital investment of £1 million. Among the main shareholders is the United Africa Company

Mr. V. A. Vance Hallack, the manager, examines materials in the recently opened station of Sierra Leone Television

established by the government and the Commonwealth Development Corporation in 1961. The company's purpose is to attract capital and investments to Sierra Leone. Primary emphasis is put on establishment and expansion of industrial, agricultural and mining enterprises.

Certain guiding principles have to be fulfilled. Sir Milton Margai in 1961, shortly before independence, spoke of his government's frequently expressed wish to encourage foreign capital investment. He said: "The government wishes to make it clear that it has no intention, either now or in the future, of nationalising any form of commercial, mining or industrial undertaking. If, however, new and unforeseen circumstances should lead to any change in this policy, the government hereby acknowledges its obligations to pay fair compensation in every case of nationalisation and in the event of disagreement between itself and the parties concerned on what constitutes reasonable compensation in a given case, the government hereby states its willingness to refer the matter to arbitration by some mutually agreed international body such as the International Bank of Reconstruction and Development or the International Court at The Hague."

The modern buildings of a secondary school for boys at Murray Town. Sierra Leone now has 35 secondary schools, 600 primary schools, eight teacher training colleges and the University College

THE EL DORADO OF WEST AFRICA

by Guy Wingate

352 Until the publication of Mr. Ian Fleming's book *Diamonds are Forever*, few people realised that there exists in West Africa a major diamond-producing area located mainly in Ghana and Sierra Leone. The deposits in these countries constitute a real twentieth-century El Dorado, and the alluvial diamond fields at present being worked in Sierra Leone are among the most valuable ever to be found.

There are two main sorts of diamonds, namely, gem and industrial stones. Gem diamonds are used entirely in the jewellery trade. The finest are, in their uncut state, a perfect octahedron in shape and possess a brilliant light. Gem stones are sometimes bought for investment purposes, the attraction being the stable price of diamonds which is only made possible by the existence of the Central Selling Organisation, founded by Sir Ernest Oppenheimer in the 1930s. Through it most of the diamond production from Africa, and, incidentally, Russia, is sold. Industrial diamonds, the other main type, although less valuable than gem diamonds, are invaluable to industry, for instance in cutting and drilling tools where their extreme hardness can be used to advantage.

The potential of the Sierra Leone diamond deposits was first realised in the late 1920s by Consolidated African Selection Trust, a mining company who then had interests in what is now Ghana. The development of efficient mining operations in Sierra Leone is mainly due to their subsidiary company, Sierra Leone Selection Trust. This company's mines are located in two areas of Sierra Leone, namely, Yengama and Tongo, where agreements are held from the Sierra Leone Government.

Alluvial mining is, as its name implies, mining close to the earth's surface and the method of mining employed is similar to open-cast coal mining in Great Britain, where a coal seam is exposed by removing the top-soil.

The discovery of a diamond-bearing area depends mainly on precise geological surveying and prospecting work. After surveying an area of ground a number of prospecting pits are dug and samples of gravel are removed. These pits are dug to a precise size and the caratage of the diamonds discovered is applied directly to the volume of top-soil and gravel removed so that some idea of the costs involved in mining the area can be obtained.

Between 1961 and 1962 Sierra Leone Selection Trust's diamond production entailed the removal of nearly 2,500,000 cub. yds. of top-soil or overburden to expose some 747,000 cub. yds. of diamondiferous gravel from which nearly 716,000 carats of diamonds were extracted. Mining operations on this scale require a very large staff not only of mining engineers but also of people to maintain the equipment and supply spare parts, and people to train Africans in its use. Because the main lease area lies some 200 miles up country it has to be self-sufficient, personnel and light stores being flown up from Freetown to the Company's airstrip, all heavy equipment being sent up the one road into the mine.

Yengama and the smaller Tongo mine to the south are complete townships containing not only the plants for separating the diamonds from the gravel, but also living-quarters, clubs and hospitals, with workshops, training-schools and administrative office blocks.

The existence of these communities is of great benefit to the prosperity of the surrounding areas. For instance in 1962 over £750,000 was paid out in wages, while the hospitals treated over 100,000 out-patients and performed more than 80 major operations.

One factor that must make these mines very nearly unique is that a very large local population live all over the lease areas. Perhaps the most startling sight of all is a large African town called Koidu, which lies geographically almost in the centre of the main lease and has a population of 10,000.

This obviously poses a very special security problem, a problem aggravated by the nature of the mining operations where diamond deposits may often be readily accessible. It is not surprising that the area and particularly Koidu town became a mecca for the unscrupulous, and illicit mining during the 1950s grew to alarming proportions. By increasing its security force the company soon managed to reduce illicit mining to a trickle, while the Sierra Leone Police dealt rapidly with illicit mining outside the lease areas.

Part of a diamond's attraction is its exceedingly stable price. This could not be achieved unless there exists an agreement among the producers as to the value of their product, and although monopolies are as a rule to be deplored, the diamond industry as a whole undoubtedly has a very special case where without some kind of control the economic and social conditions of diamond-producing countries would suffer irreparably.

In 1956 the Sierra Leone Government took two steps. It promoted an Alluvial Diamond Mining Scheme whereby Africans could buy licences to mine for diamonds outside the Selection Trust leases, and it invited the Diamond Corporation to set up an official buying office which would regularise the trade and enable the Government to obtain revenue from the diamonds being produced. During the next three years this office bought nearly £15 million worth of diamonds.

By 1959 it became apparent that the only effective way to control the diamond trade in Sierra Leone was to have one legal exporter, and the Government therefore established a Government Diamond Office which became solely responsible for the export and marketing of diamonds produced under the Alluvial Diamond Scheme. The Diamond Corporation were appointed Managing Agents for the Government Diamond Office and as agents undertook to buy all the diamonds offered to the Government Diamond Office.

These steps have proved so successful that now practically all the diamonds produced in Sierra Leone are handled by the Government Diamond Office with a corresponding increase in revenue for the Government. For instance, in 1961 diamond purchases from the alluvial mining scheme amounted to £11·3 million, for which the Government received a tax income of nearly £535,000. If this figure is added to the sum paid in tax by Sierra Leone Selection Trust the diamond industry, therefore, is contributing a total of over £2 million a year in direct taxation and in addition providing very large sums in wages, salaries and local purchases within the country.

Prospecting for diamonds. A pit lined with metal sections is used for digging through loose soil

A group of Africans working a small licensed claim. The mining in Sierra Leone is alluvial

Sc ng industrial diamonds. In Sierra Leone the Government Diamond Office is now solely responsible for xporting and marketing diamonds under the Alluvial Diamond Mining Scheme set up in 1956

A prospecting team uses foot jigs to size gravel which has been taken from the prospecting pits

An example of a semi-detached house for African staff of the Sierra Leone Selection Trust

Two buyers of the Diamond Corporation purchasing diamonds in one of the villages near a licensed mining area. Since 1959 the Diamond Corporation have been managing agents for the Government Diamond Office

WEALTH FROM ORE

354 It is 30 years since iron ore was first shipped from Sierra Leone. 1963 is therefore a significant date for those concerned with its production in the Marampa Chiefdom of one of the country's major sources of wealth. It was not until 1927 that ore deposits were discovered in the area by government geologists. In the following years prospecting was carried out by commercial interests. By 1930 it was certain there were deposits of quality and quantity to justify their development. The Sierra Leone Development Company was founded, to acquire and work a concession at Marampa.

Delco, as it soon came to be called, had to overcome many problems before it could start operations. The chief port of Sierra Leone was, and remains, its capital, Freetown. The cost of building a railway to carry the ore over the 60 miles from Marampa to Freetown through the mountainous peninsula would have been prohibitive. So the company decided to build its own line through the north of the country and create a new port at Pepel. The railway's construction took three years. During this period the pier and loading installation at Pepel were built and at Marampa mines were laid out and houses built for European and African staff.

The first commercial shipment of ore was made in September 1933, and in 1934 228,515 tons were shipped. By 1962 the annual shipments had reached 1,900,000 tons. Initially, only lump ore was produced. Beneath this hard capping were quantities of powder ore. The mining of this began in 1938, when the first mill for treating and up-grading the powder ore was established.

The construction of the first stages of the extensions at Pepel, from which the iron ore is shipped. All the modernisation work, being undertaken by Taylor Woodrow, should be completed by 1964

Like other British enterprises in Sierra Leone, Delco contributes much to the welfare as well as the wealth of the people. Marampa has a 36-bed hospital which is a recognised training school for student nurses. There is an infant school and an Apprentice Training Centre, where pupils undergo a three-and-a-half-year course. Some of the best apprentices are sent to Britain for further training. The company also sponsors selected employees to follow university degree courses in Great Britain and to obtain professional qualifications at technical colleges. Mention should be made, too, of the studentships available to a limited number of Sierra Leonean graduates to go to British universities to read for higher degrees. There is no obligation on them to enter Delco's service. The scheme aims at advancing educational and cultural standards in Sierra Leone generally.

A target of 2,750,000 tons of ore has been set for 1965. An expansion programme is being undertaken, the railway from Marampa is being entirely relaid with heavier gauge rails and sleepers, and new rolling-stock is being brought in. At Pepel the port is being modernised to accommodate larger ocean-going vessels. Altogether Delco's current investment programme amounts to nearly £9 million and is impressive evidence of British confidence in the future of Sierra Leone. *C.D.*

A general view of the workings at the iron ore mine at Marampa. Euclid twin-power scrapers are removing the ore. Over the ridge in background is the roof of the concentrating mills of the Sierra Leone Development Company. The ore deposits were discovered in 1927 and first shipments made in 1933

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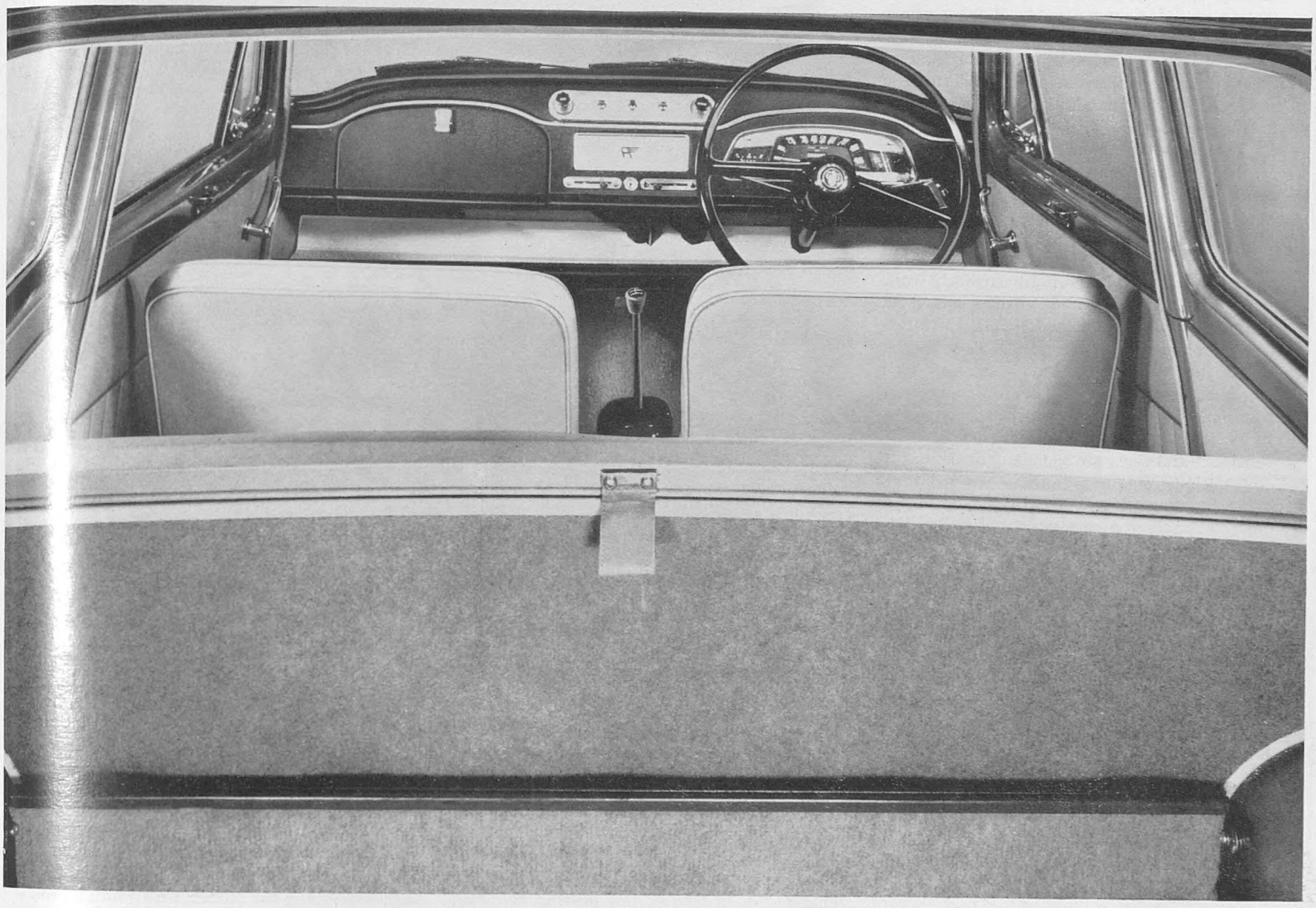

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TOUR OF RENAULT

356 I have just completed a three-day tour of the main plants of the vast Renault organisation, which is owned by the State but run as a private enterprise, sharing its net profits equally between the national exchequer and Renault employees. The efficiency of this huge manufacturing complex and the enthusiasm of its 66,000 workpeople was in evidence wherever I went: at the firm's headquarters factory in the Paris suburb of Billancourt, mainly used for the assembly of front-wheel-drive R4 runabouts; at Flins, 20 miles west of Paris, where R8 saloons are built; and at Cleon, near Rouen, where a big modern plant produces all the Renault gearboxes and five-bearing engines.

The enviable labour relations enjoyed by M. Pierre Dreyfus and his enlightened management, who for seven years have guaranteed an annual wage increase of 4 per cent. even if the firm is making no profit, are well known, so let me concentrate on present production and future prospects. Renault are currently working to full capacity and turning out 3,000 vehicles a day, including 1,100 R8s, 1,000 R4s, 600 Dauphines and 90 Florides. Their biggest car is the 956 c.c. R8 but there may be a larger one (to replace the admirable Fregate) later on. Renault policy on this point seems to be: if the present trend towards bigger cars continues and there are too many firms sharing our specialist small car market we will think about building a bigger car; but not as long as our full capacity is employed on R8s and R4s.

Safe Windscreens

For the fourth time in about eight years I have had the startling experience of having my windscreen suddenly fracture into almost complete opacity. They tell me I am unlucky in this. Road Research Laboratory experts say the chances of a windscreen shattering are, on average, once in every 500,000 miles of motoring. That means that a motorist who drives 10,000 miles a year is likely to suffer this embarrassment only once in 50 years.

I was talking about this the other day when I visited the Willesden, N.W.10, plant of British Indestructo Glass Ltd., which supply the British motor industry with nearly a third of its safety glass windscreens. Mr. Edward McKelvey, the firm's general manager, is convinced that the development of " zone toughening " in windscreens will do much to reduce the risk in the event of sudden disintegration.

Zone-toughened screens have an area in which the glass does not crystallise into such small pieces. The driver can look through this part of the screen much better than the rest because, on average, it fractures into only about seven or eight " particles " to the square inch, compared with about 15 for the rest of the glass. The British Standards Institution at present permits a zone of roughly 16 inches by 6. Indestructo have asked them to enlarge the permitted area.

Borg-Warner Transmissions

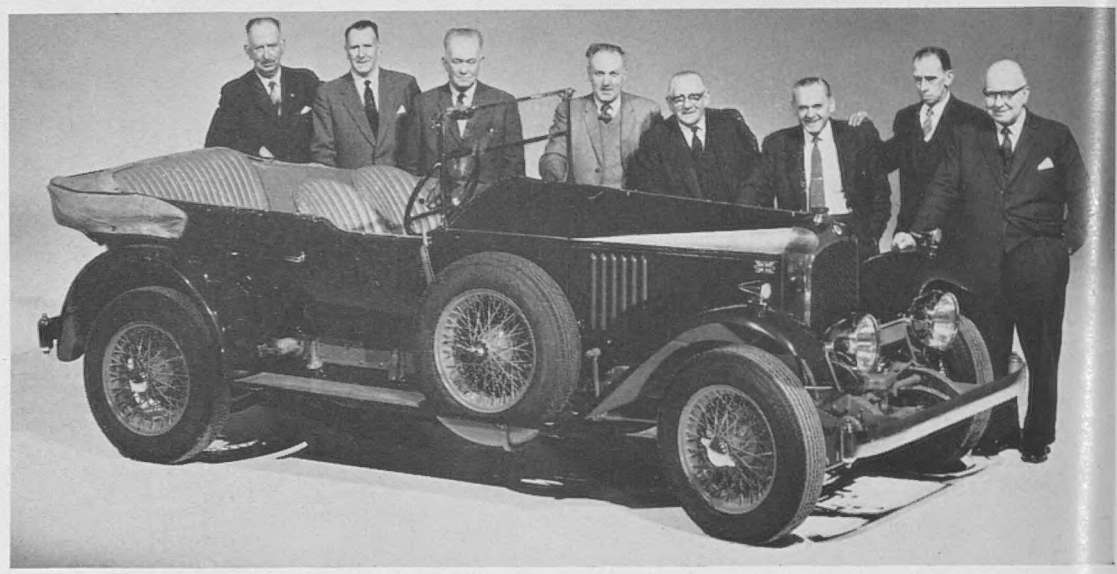
I have been talking with a Borg-Warner expert about automatic transmissions and he asked me to help clear up one or two misunderstandings about their own widely used product. Take, for instance, the lockup feature on the Borg-Warner Model 35 transmission: this is the light, compact system employed by BMC, Ford and Rootes on cars up to 3 litres.

If you shift the control lever of the L (lockup) position when you are in top gear you get a smooth silent change down to second. Kicking down on the accelerator produces the same result, of course, but moving the lever to the L position retains second, whereas following a kickdown to second you go back into top again automatically when your foot comes off the accelerator. If you are in the L position and let your speed fall below about 20 m.p.h. you can usually get bottom gear by use of the kickdown. If your speed drops to about 5 m.p.h. this downshift takes place automatically. In either case the transmission remains locked in first until you move the control lever out of the L position.

Lockup gives a useful degree of engine braking in second gear and, of course, even more in the bottom ratio. " Not every motorist," said my Borg-Warner friend, " realises that our Model 35 transmission can be handled like a manual gearbox."

The other misunderstanding the Borg-Warner man wants to put right is the suitability of automatic transmission for towing. He said Borg-Warner self-change boxes are of great value when towing caravans and trailers. For the Model 35 box he claimed that the effort of driving an outfit is cut by 70 per cent.

Fioré's design for the Francesa Spyder; the headlamps would be covered when they are not in use



A 1925 Vauxhall 30/98 100 m.p.h. tourer with some of the engineers who worked for Vauxhall's at Luton when this car was still in production. It was bought at the Southern Counties' vintage sale, held at Beaulieu last summer, by Mr. C. A. Chayne, who is a former chief engineer of General Motors

The Francesa Spyder

There was an aura of sadness about the announcement by Mr. K. B. Benfield, chairman and managing director of Lea-Francis Cars Ltd., concerning the models with which he was hoping to revive the name of this famous *marque*. They consisted of a two-seater coupé (with a small seat in the back), a *gran turismo* four-seater and an open sports car. Each was to have been powered by a 2.6-litre Ford Zodiac engine and the range was given the name Francesa; which, says Mr. Benfield, should be pronounced Fran-chay-sa. Attractive body styling for these cars was worked out by a young French designer named Fioré who is associated with a number of Italian coachbuilders. In the evolution of the Francesa designs he worked with Carrozzeria Fissore of Turin and early last year two chassis were shipped to Italy.

" The car was to have been ready, tested and proved in time for the last Geneva Motor Show," Mr. Benfield told me. " We intended showing the 2-plus-2 coupé and the four-seat sports saloon. Work was under way last August but owing to the financial crises encountered by the Lea-Francis company work had to be suspended."

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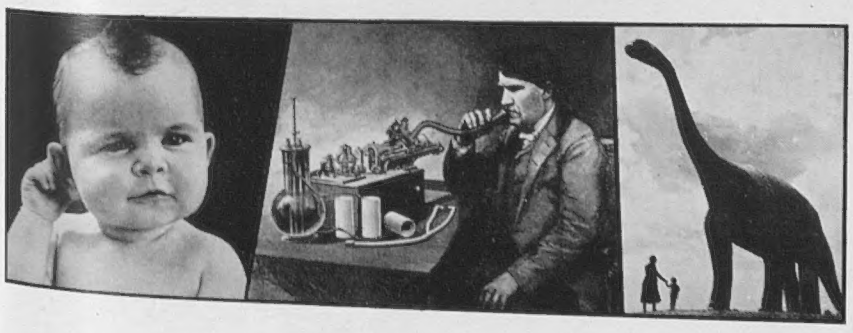

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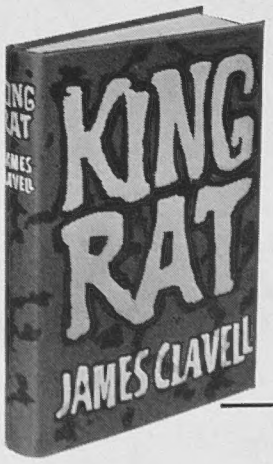

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